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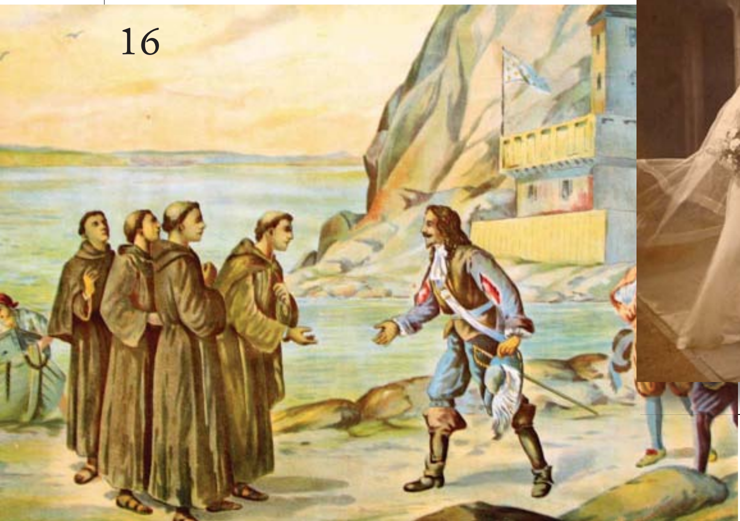

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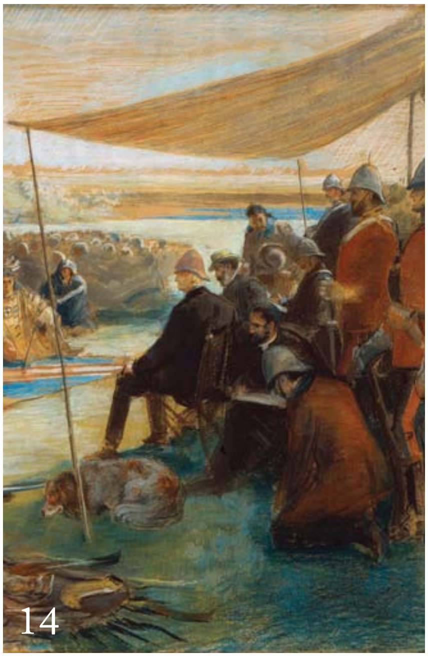

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Of love and war

After six dark years of war, 1945 dawned with new hope for victory over the Axis forces. Everywhere, Nazi and Japanese troops were being driven back by the combined might of the Allies.

In January 1945 the Americans returned to the Japanese-occupied Philippines, while the Soviets captured Warsaw in Poland. February saw the Allies begin their firebombing campaign in Dresden, Germany, while far off in the Pacific Ocean U.S. forces landed at Iwo Jima.

Amid these momentous events — on March 3, 1945, to be exact — a young, attractive Londoner stood before her Canadian beau. Wearing a gorgeous floor-length blue linen dress, twenty-four-year-old Ruby Hall looked into the eyes of soldier Albert Gray and said, "I do."

Viewed in the context of total war, this moment might seem like an insignificant flicker of optimism heralded only by the newlyweds, their families, and their friends. You certainly won't find Ruby's story in the history tomes of World War II.

But, taken together, the stories of war brides like Ruby Gray offer a glowing portrait of a generation of men and women who, despite the despair of war, refused to quit living.

Love and war. By their very nature, they're opposites. It's the absence of love, in the broadest sense of the word, that makes war possible. And yet, during times of war, love often burns brightest, and with the most urgency.

In this issue, we feature several stories that, in their own ways, illustrate the power of love to influence lives.

In "Love's Story," Philip Lee writes of the many far-reaching ways war brides have impacted Canada.

Meanwhile, Nathan M. Greenfield brings us the largely unknown story of the Canadian soldiers captured by the Japanese after the fall of Hong Kong in 1941.

For these men, love was the buoy that kept them afloat during years of torture, cruelty, and mistreatment at the hands of their sadistic Japanese captors. Each day brought the possibility of death. Faced with such a hopeless existence, it was the love of family, of wives or girlfriends back home, and the unique love shared by brothers-in-arms, that kept them going — that enabled them to say, "I will survive one more day. I will make it home."

Love also figures tangentially in "Remembering the Recollets," Joe Stafford's feature on the early French missionaries who helped Samuel de Champlain cement alliances with the Huron. The Recollets were compelled by a faith-based love of God to covert souls to Christianity. Their willingness to travel to the wilds of faraway seveteenth-century Canada, risking martyrdom for their Lord, speaks to the strength of their affection.

All you need is love. Love can move mountains. Love conquers all. Such sentiments can sound naive, even corny, to our jaded twenty-first-century ears. But after reading the stories in this issue, it's clear to me that John Lennon had it right.

Love can both inspire and infuriate us — but its power can't be denied.

Mark Reid

MARIANNE HELM

Contributors

Claire Campbell, who wrote "Shifting Sites," teaches history, Canadian studies, environment and sustainability at Dalhousie University. She became a convert to the study of historic places and landscapes as a child, when her father, a history teacher, took the family on driving trips around North America. She edited *A Century of Parks Canada, 1911-2011*.

Nathan M. Greenfield, who wrote "War Crimes," was born in Brooklyn, New York, and has lived in Canada since 1980. His book *The Damned: The Canadians at the Battle of Hong Kong and the POW Experience, 1941-45* (HarperColllins) was named as a finalist for the Governor General's Award for Non-Fiction. He teaches writing at Algonquin College, and holds a Ph.D. from McGill University.

Philip Lee, author of "Love's Story," is an award-winning author and journalism professor. Born in Maryland, U.S.A., he graduated from Dalhousie University with an MA in classics. After a working as a journalist for many years, he was in 2001 named director of St. Thomas University's journalism school. His most recent book is *Bittersweet: Confessions of a Twice-Married Man.*

Joe Stafford, author of "Remembering the Recollets," is an award-winning teacher at Saint Theresa Catholic Secondary School in Belleville, Ontario. He is also an online instructor in history at Queen's University and is second vice-president of the Ontario Historical Society. A history teacher for 26 years, he won the Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History in 2008.

Fond memories

Canada's History
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I just received the August-September 2011 issue of *Canada's History* and I must tell you how delighted and surprised I was to read the article “The Ties That Bind.” My late wife (Dorothy Murphy) was an employee of the Bank of Canada and a resident of Laurentian Terrace. I met her on a blind date in 1942 when I was a member of the Royal Canadian Engineers, stationed at Petawawa in Ontario. I went overseas in the Second World War and upon my return we were married in Ottawa. This wonderful lady was my wife for fifty-two years until she passed away in August 1999. Dorothy told me some wonderful stories about living at Laurentian Terrace and how well all the young ladies got along with each other.

I just had to tell you how much I appreciated reading this particular story. I find the magazine a delightful addition to my reading and wish you all good happenings in the future.

Lawrence J. Wall
Mississauga, Ontario

Love from afar

I'm a charter subscriber of *Canada's History* and it is always fascinating for me to read the magazine.

I lived in Edmonton for five years and I travelled all over Canada, so I really fell in love with your beautiful country. The summers and the very cold winters always fascinated me. Thank you for publishing such a good magazine.

Werner Hoehl
Ludwigshaven am Rhein,
Germany

The accidental premier

I enjoyed the article “Demon Rum” in the August-September 2011 issue. Not many people know the story of a minister of the church killing an old school friend with more or less the sanction of the Ontario attorney general in the short-lived (1919–1923) United Farmers of Ontario government. The cover picture, of Conservative Premier Howard Hearst pouring a cask of beer into a sewer in 1916 is excellent. But although Hearst was a staunch prohibitionist, his party did not share his views. Hearst was an accidental premier who became premier on the death of his predecessor, Sir James Pliny Whitney.

Hearst was a disaster as premier. He did not seem to have a moral compass, but swung with the winds. Under Hearst, the Tories no longer possessed any coherent image. Nowhere was this better illustrated than on the prohibition issue. (A plebiscite on prohibition was held the same day as the 1919 election, which the Conservatives lost).

The barroom had been the backbone of the Conservative organization in Ontario for many years, and Hearst forgot that. As *Saturday Night* wrote at the time, “The plain and undeniable fact is that Sir Howard Hearst was defeated by the Conservative Party. ... because he completely reversed the historic policy of that party as represented by his predecessor.”

Joe Martin
Albany Club Historian
Toronto

Policing pioneer

Your article on women in the RCMP [“Women on the Force,” August-September 2011] includes a timeline, which mentions Annie Jackson of Edmonton. Jackson gained international recognition for that appointment. In England, London's *Daily Mirror* reported on the novelty of a policewoman, commenting that, “Her special duty is to look after the morals and manners of Edmonton's young girls.”

In 1912, Jackson, a member of McDougall Methodist (now United) Church, had been working for the Woman's Missionary Society counselling girls new to the city, teaching them English, and helping them find employment. She was selected from forty-seven applicants to be Edmonton's first policewoman. She did not wear a uniform or carry a gun and kept her badge in her purse, but she did receive the same pay as the men.

She continued for six years, until 1918, when she married William Henry Kelcher. She then continued on with youth and social service work through the church. In 1959, at age eighty, a car killed her as she walked near her home.

Gayle Simonson
Edmonton

ERRATUM

Canada's History *regrets that an historically inaccurate image of a soldier of the Compagnies franches de la Marine appeared in the October/November issue that featured an article on Fort Chambly. For instance, the colour of the coat cuffs should have been blue, rather than light grey. The error occurred during the editing process and was not the fault of the author.*

ledge race near Montreal, Cornelius Krieghoff (1815-1872)
848, Ink and watercolour on paper, Detail M21614 McCord Museum, Montreal.

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CANADA'S HISTORY

PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY

Breakneck steps, Little Champlain Street
Quebec City, circa 1865–1875
Edward McCann collection

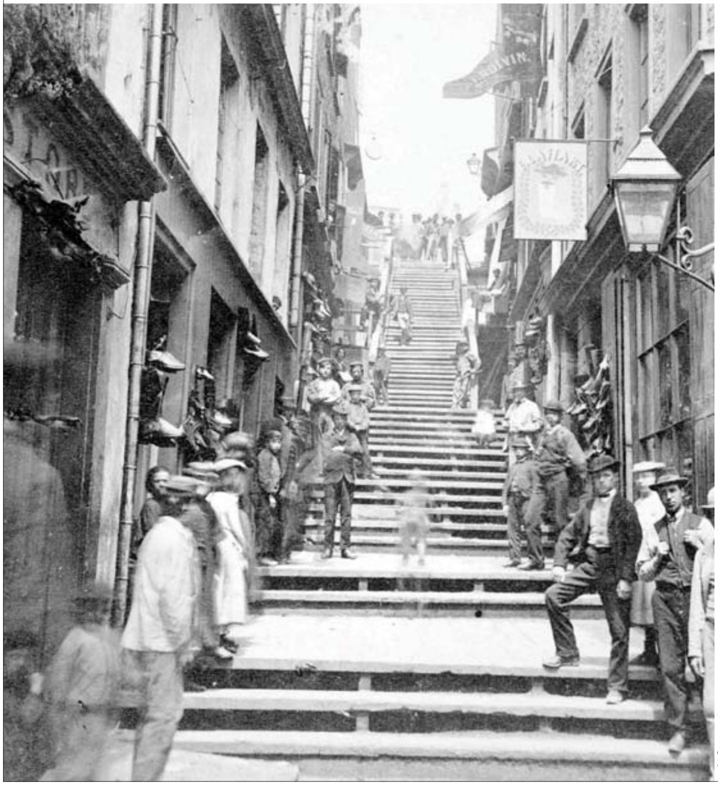
This section of Quebec City was highly photographed during the nineteenth century and was popular for its "European flavour," according to one commercially produced stereoscopic card.

The image shown below is one half of a stereo photograph. While such pictures were originally accomplished with only one camera, by the time this image was taken there was a special stereo camera that had two lenses spaced a few inches apart. The camera was meant to replicate how human eyes work.

When the two printed photographs were viewed through a stereoscope, they produced a 3-D-like effect. Often sold as numbered sets to tourists and armchair travellers alike, the technology was very popular during the Victorian era.

The caption on this card reads: "#63. Break-neck Steps, at foot of which was found the Tomb of Champlain. IN Canadian Scenery, by L.P. Vallée, Portrait and Landscape photographer."

Selected by Library and Archives Canada photo archivist Shannon Perry.



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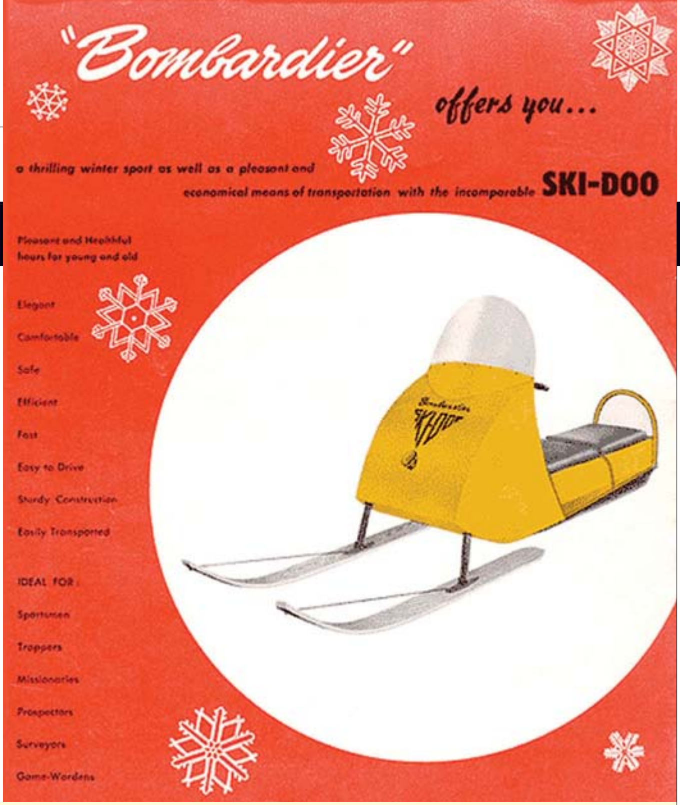

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Snowmobile

Snowmobiles have been designed and used since the early 1920s. However, it was a mechanic from Valcourt, Quebec — Joseph-Armand Bombardier — along with his eldest son, Germain, who developed the modern-day snowmobile.

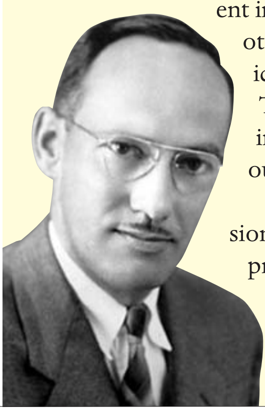
Bombardier had been working on a light, motorized winter vehicle for a long time. He increased his efforts to end winter isolation after the death of his young son Yvon in the winter of 1934, when the family was unable to reach a hospital to treat the boy's peritonitis.

As engines became smaller and lighter in the late 1950s, Bombardier was able to go into full-scale production of the machine, under the brand name Ski-Doo. With its open-cockpit, one- or two-person seating, wooden skis, and all-rubber continuous-track design, the vehicle proved both practical and reliable.

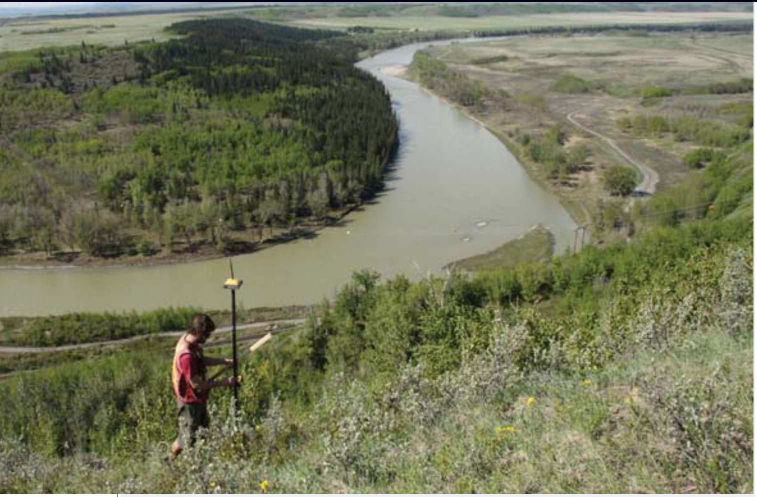
Bombardier was granted a Canadian patent in 1960 and a U.S. patent in 1962. Soon, other manufacturers began to copy his idea, and sales for snowmobiles soared. The snowmobile appealed to people in snow-covered, isolated areas and to outdoor recreationists.

Improvements made to the suspension, transmission, and braking systems propelled the vehicle toward the sporty models we know today.

— **Beverley Tallon**



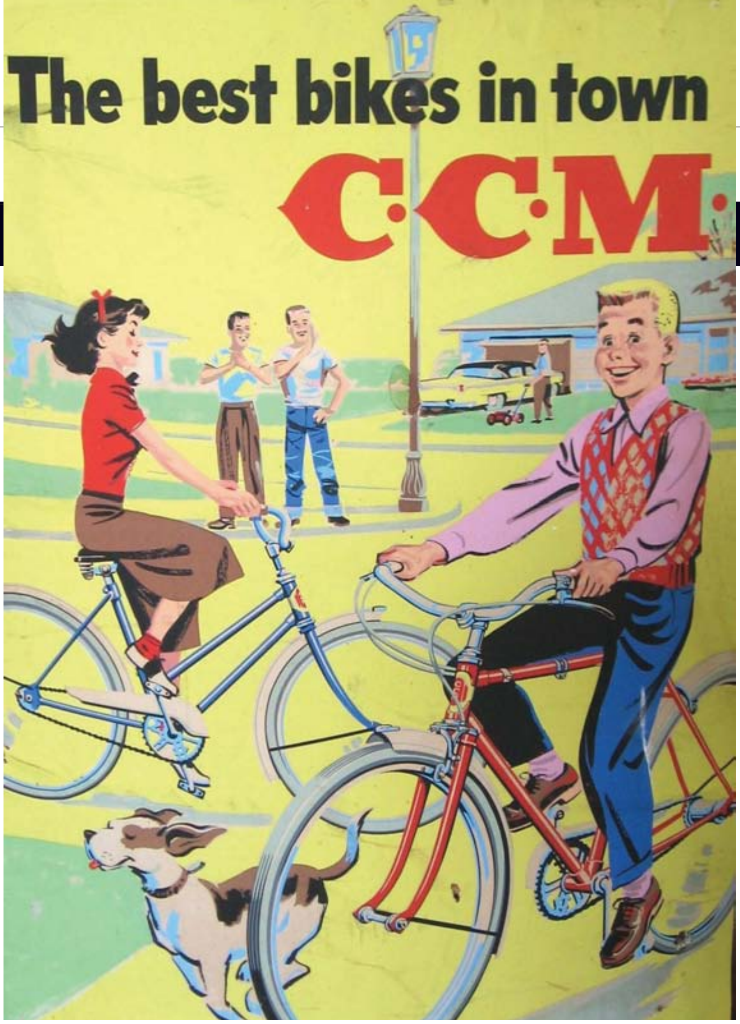
Joseph-Armand Bombardier



COURTESY PETE TRUCH

Space-age historians

The Calgary chapter of the Archaeological Society of Alberta is using an array of cutting-edge technologies to get a clearer picture of daily life a century ago at Glenbow Ranch Provincial Park. High-tech surveys, combined with aerial and archival photos, are revealing intriguing secrets about the site, which includes a former water stop for the Canadian Pacific Railway main line near Calgary and a quarry that produced sandstone blocks used in the construction of the Alberta legislature. Global Positioning System satellite technology slashes the amount of time required to complete surveys and would have astounded Herbert Harrison Moore, the Dominion land surveyor whose survey of a subdivision of parcels at the turn of the twentieth century took weeks of meticulous triangulation. Moore's 1910 subdivision map was added as a layer in a complex analysis and mapping software tool, making it possible to directly compare 1910 parcel locations with existing house pits and suggesting that some squatting may have taken place. The archaeological team hopes eventually to use its research to create a virtual village and quarry, bringing back Alberta's past with the use of today's space-age technologies. In this photo, Michael Kok of engineering firm IBI Group takes GPS readings at the top of the quarry while the Bow River meanders below. The former homes and town centre were on the terrace to the right side of the image. **— Pete Truch**


The best bikes in town
CCM

A healthy pursuit

Ontario author pens book about iconic sporting equipment manufacturer

For several decades, one Canadian company symbolized both biking and skating, enjoyable outdoor activities that together make for a healthy year-round fitness regimen.

The story of the Canada Cycle & Motor Co. Ltd., better known as CCM, was irresistible for John McKenty. A retired high school principal and local history writer in Perth, Ontario, McKenty is also a collector of CCM memorabilia. While conducting research for a book about brothers who ran a small local hardware store, he says he "kept coming across these neat old newspaper ads for CCM bikes, skates, and hockey equipment."

McKenty also discovered that no comprehensive history had ever been written about the company whose products were sold both in small stores and at large retailers across the country.

The company's ads sought to appeal to every Canadian — includ-

TAKE THE DAY OFF

December 3

To note the day in 1653 when the Company of New France sold islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Nicolas Denys, who went on to found several East Coast settlements. Fly a flag.

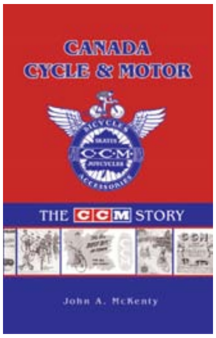
December 13

To observe the day in 1893 when Prince Edward Island voted in favour of prohibition. Put away your bottles.

ing children, students, workers, and entire families. But the story of CCM also involves notable figures such as manufacturing giant Walter Massey, the bicycle-racing Spencer brothers, and hockey superstar Bobby Hull, who pitched his own line of CCM hockey equipment.

Massey was president of the huge Massey-Harris manufacturing company at the end of the nineteenth century, when he learned that an American bicycle manufacturer planned to come to Canada. To fight off the threat, he merged the bicycle works of his own company with four other Canadian bicycle manufacturers to form CCM in 1899.

It was Massey's successor, Tommy Russell, who expanded production to include both the Russell motor car and "Automobile Skates" — hockey skates made from the same steel used in cars. Serving as general manager and then president of CCM from 1902 until he died in 1940, Russell also set up a new factory in the Toronto suburb of Weston. He pledged "to give the public a good article at a fair price and to give the working man the fullest share possible of the returns which they helped produce."

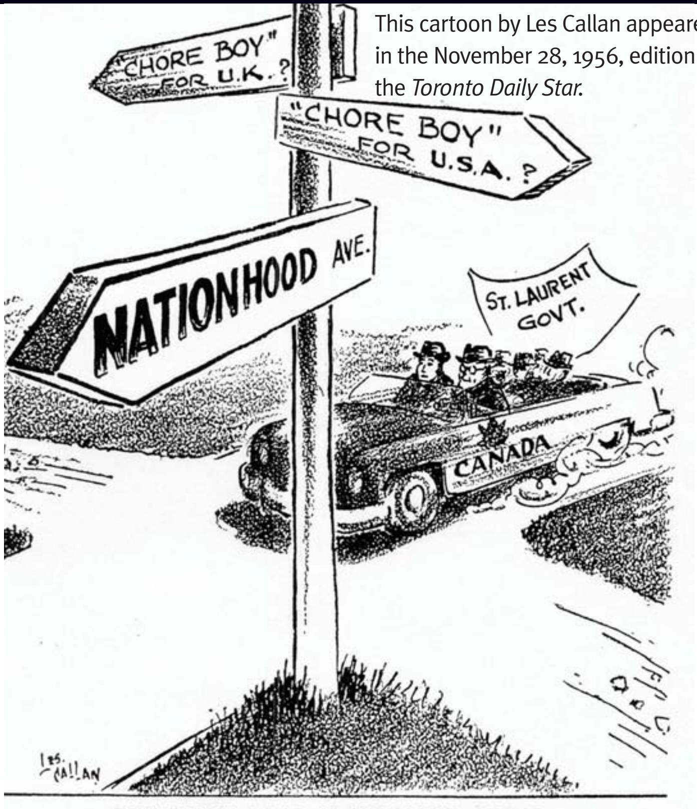


A series of world-class Canadian cyclists rode on CCM bicycles. The company also developed safety innovations for hockey skates and helmets. But with ever-increasing foreign competition, a series of ownership changes, and an unresolved labour dispute, CCM closed for good in 1983.

For his book *Canada Cycle & Motor: The CCM Story*, McKenty interviewed former CCM executives and workers, scoured archives and old newspapers, and met with collectors and enthusiasts. Along the way, he says, "I've picked up more bicycles and CCM memorabilia than I care to admit."

To see more images, and for information about ordering McKenty's book, visit CanadasHistory.ca.

— **Phil Koch**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LES CALLAN
THE RIGHT ROAD IS STRAIGHT AHEAD

This cartoon by Les Callan appeared in the November 28, 1956, edition of the *Toronto Daily Star.*

LAUGH LINES

The middle road

In 1956, President Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt nationalized the Suez Canal. Angered by this blow to their business interests, Britain and France supported and then joined an Israeli attack on Egypt.

The invasion clearly violated international law. The United States condemned the invasion, many Commonwealth countries sided with Egypt, and the Soviet Union threatened to physically support Egypt.

Britain turned to Canada for support. In a bold move designed to defuse the international crisis, Louis St. Laurent's government sought to use the influence of the United Nations to ease tensions.

External Affairs Minister Lester Pearson successfully proposed an international peacekeeping force to put an end to the hostilities. His action helped Britain and France out of an ill-conceived invasion that threatened to divide the NATO nations and the Commonwealth.

— Charles Hou

December 25

To celebrate the opening on this day in 1785 in Sorel, Quebec, of Christ Church, which is still the province's oldest Protestant church. Jingle some bells.

January 9

To remember Margaret Pitre, the last woman hanged in Canada, who died on this date in 1953 for her role in the bombing of a passenger airplane. Stay grounded.

January 28

To note the day in 1948 when the Commonwealth's longest-serving prime minister, Canada's William Lyon Mackenzie King, announced his retirement. Walk the dog.

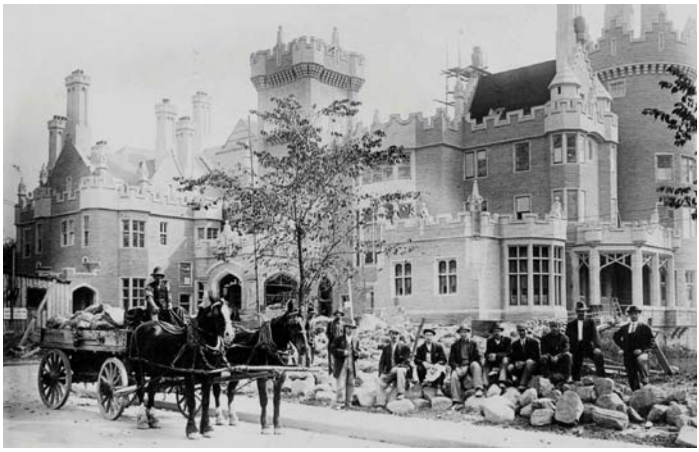
HIDDEN HERITAGE

Casa Loma

Toronto, designed by E.J. Lennox, begun 1911

Most Torontonians would say that Casa Loma has a great deal to answer for. In a conservative, polite city that has always valued understatement, Casa Loma is neither conservative, nor polite, nor understated. Locals often regard it as something of a joke, or simply as a huge fake.

Huge it undeniably is. Casa Loma is a ninety-eight-room behemoth, with two massive towers soaring above a craggy, irregular, and hugely monumental stone mass. Inside, the detailing ranges from the rugged medievalism of the Great Hall to the delicate classicism of the bedroom suites. The whole mass occupies a site of feudal grandeur atop a steep hill, with the city of Toronto at its feet.



CANADIAN PRESS

But there's much more to this "castle" than architectural bombast. Built by a brilliantly inventive architect (E.J. Lennox) for a rich and idiosyncratic patron (Sir Henry Pellatt), Casa Loma was one of the last of a long tradition of fantasy castles built from the eighteenth to the twentieth centuries for rich, romantic patrons. Those include Strawberry Hill and Fonthill Abbey in England, Neuschwanstein in Bavaria, and Boldt Castle on Heart Island, New York, in the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River. Highly theatrical, epic in scale, and steeped in historical and literary allusion, these buildings are not fakes but works of fiction, romantic dreams of grandeur given architectural form.

A century after its towers first rose above the city, Toronto once again does not know what to do about Casa Loma. After being run for nearly seventy-five years by the Kiwanis Club, the building recently reverted to city control. What will be done with it, and even whether it is kept or sold, remain open questions. — **Peter Coffman**

Contributed by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada, a learned society devoted to the examination of Canada's built environment. See canada-architecture.org.

BY THE NUMBERS

Canadian Air and Space Museum

The Canadian Air and Space Museum faces an uncertain future after its sudden closing in September. Since its founding in 1997, the museum has been housed in the former home of both de Havilland Aircraft of Canada and its space technology division SPAR, at the former air force base that is now Downsview Park in north Toronto. The Crown corporation that manages the park plans to demolish the historic building to make way for skating rinks, but has offered to help find a new home for the museum and its collection.

25,000 Square footage of the de Havilland plant that opened at Downsview in 1929.

57 Hours George Mickleborough and Geoff O'Brien took to fly 6,050 miles across Canada in a de Havilland 80A Puss Moth in 1930.

7,500 Workers employed at the Downsview plant to manufacture the Mosquito fighter-bomber during World War II.

65 Countries where de Havilland's Beaver bush plane was sold, beginning in the 1940s.

1962 Year the Alouette I satellite, assembled by de Havilland, was launched, making Canada the third country in space.

49 Years between the 1957 debut of the Avro Arrow supersonic jet and the museum's 2006 roll-out of a full-scale replica.

2 million Dollars sought in 2009 with the support of Hollywood actor and Beaver airplane owner Harrison Ford in a campaign for the museum's expansion.

Follow in the footsteps of history...

The Wildest Dream: The Conquest of Everest

Sunday, December 18 at 9 pm ET - *Canadian Broadcast Premiere*

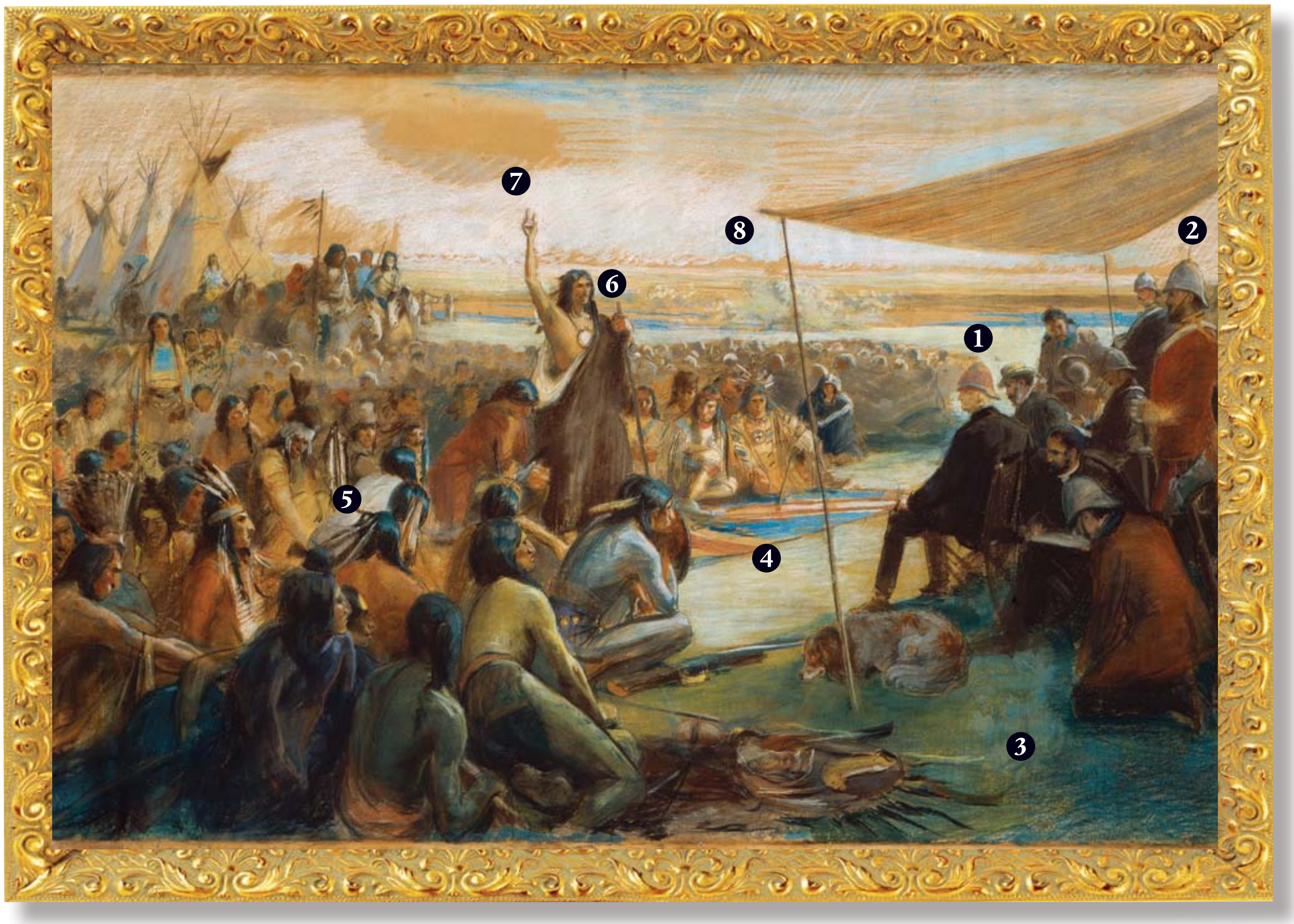
In the feature documentary *The Wildest Dream: The Conquest of Everest*, renowned mountain climber Conrad Anker retraces George Mallory's final footsteps on Mount Everest. It's all in an effort to solve the enduring mystery of whether the British explorer reached the icy summit in 1924.

Using newly-restored footage, archival photos and letters, and voices by Liam Neeson and Natasha Richardson, this film captures one man's obsession to conquer the world's tallest peak, and the heartbreak of loss.

tvo

makes you think

Where to find us: Cable ch. 2 (may vary in some areas), Bell TV ch. 265, Bell TV TVO HD ch. 1265 , Rogers TVO HD ch. 580, Rogers-On-Demand ch. 100, Star Choice ch. 353



LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA C-121918

An uneasy encounter

Crowfoot Addressing the Marquis of Lorne depicts a meeting between the great Blackfoot leader and the Governor General a few years after the signing of Treaty 7.

❶ In 1881, Governor General John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, the Marquis of Lorne, toured the Canadian West, travelling with a large entourage that included members of the Canadian and British press and North-West Mounted Police.

❷ The NWMP officers are in full dress uniform, made up of a scarlet tunic, dark blue breeches with a red stripe, black boots, white gloves, and a pith helmet with a brass spike.

❸ This pastel drawing is based on a pencil sketch made on the spot by Sydney Prior Hall, a British journalist and artist who accompanied Lorne on the tour.

❹ Union Jack banners were part of the grand reception that greeted Lorne at Blackfoot Crossing, the site of the Treaty 7 signing in 1877. The treaty transferred land needed to build the CPR from the Blackfoot to the Crown.

❺ Treaty 7 was signed between the Crown and the Blackfoot Confederacy, which included the Siksika, Piikani (Peigan), Kainaiwa (Blood), Tsuu T'ina (Sarcee), and the Stoney (Bearspaw, Chiniki, and Wesley/Goodstoney) First Nations.

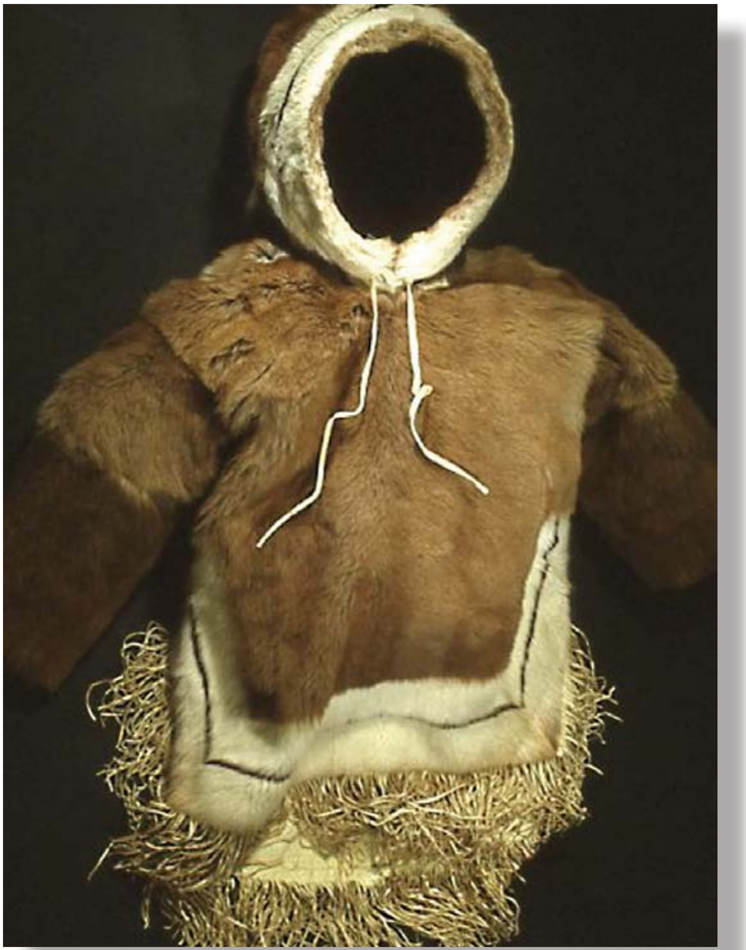
❻ Blackfoot Chief Crowfoot supported Treaty 7, but in the years following the agreement he was disappointed the Crown had not lived up to its promise to provide for his people after the buffalo disappeared.

❼ In the original sketch, Crowfoot, an influential diplomat and peacemaker, is shown waving an empty cup to show how little flour was given to his people, who were starving. The cup was dropped from the final version, possibly to dispel negative views of the West for prospective settlers.

❽ Blackfoot Crossing, on the banks of the Bow River in southern Alberta, is today a National Historic Site and historical park.

TALES AND TREASURES

From the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company



Caribou comfort

This Iglulik Inuit-made qulittuq (man's parka) was produced in the early twentieth-century from thick caribou skins to withstand the cold winters of the central Arctic. The pullover garment was hand-sewn with sinew. The bottom fringe was also made of caribou skin. The back was longer than the front to provide extra warmth when hunting and trapping. The contrasting brown and white fur made the outer coat both elegant and practical.

— **B.T.**

©THE MANITOBA MUSEUM, WINNIPEG

In The Beaver…

90 Years Ago

Grand steamer

The first SS *Princess Louise* started its career as the *Olympia* in 1869. It was sold to the Hudson's Bay Company and renamed in 1879. Built of seasoned white oak, the sidewheel steamboat travelled as far as the northern post of Fort Simpson. The March 1922 issue reported that the boat was in HBC's employ for only four years.

60 Years Ago

Christmas cheer

The December 1952 issue told of how HBC employees of the past kept records of their Christmas Day celebration. Thomas Gorst wrote the first account from Charles Fort on James Bay in 1670, noting, "25 being Christmas wee made merry remembering our Friends in England, having for Liquor Brandy & strong beer & for Food plenty…." The article went on to relate many other delightful accounts of HBC Christmases past.

30 Years Ago

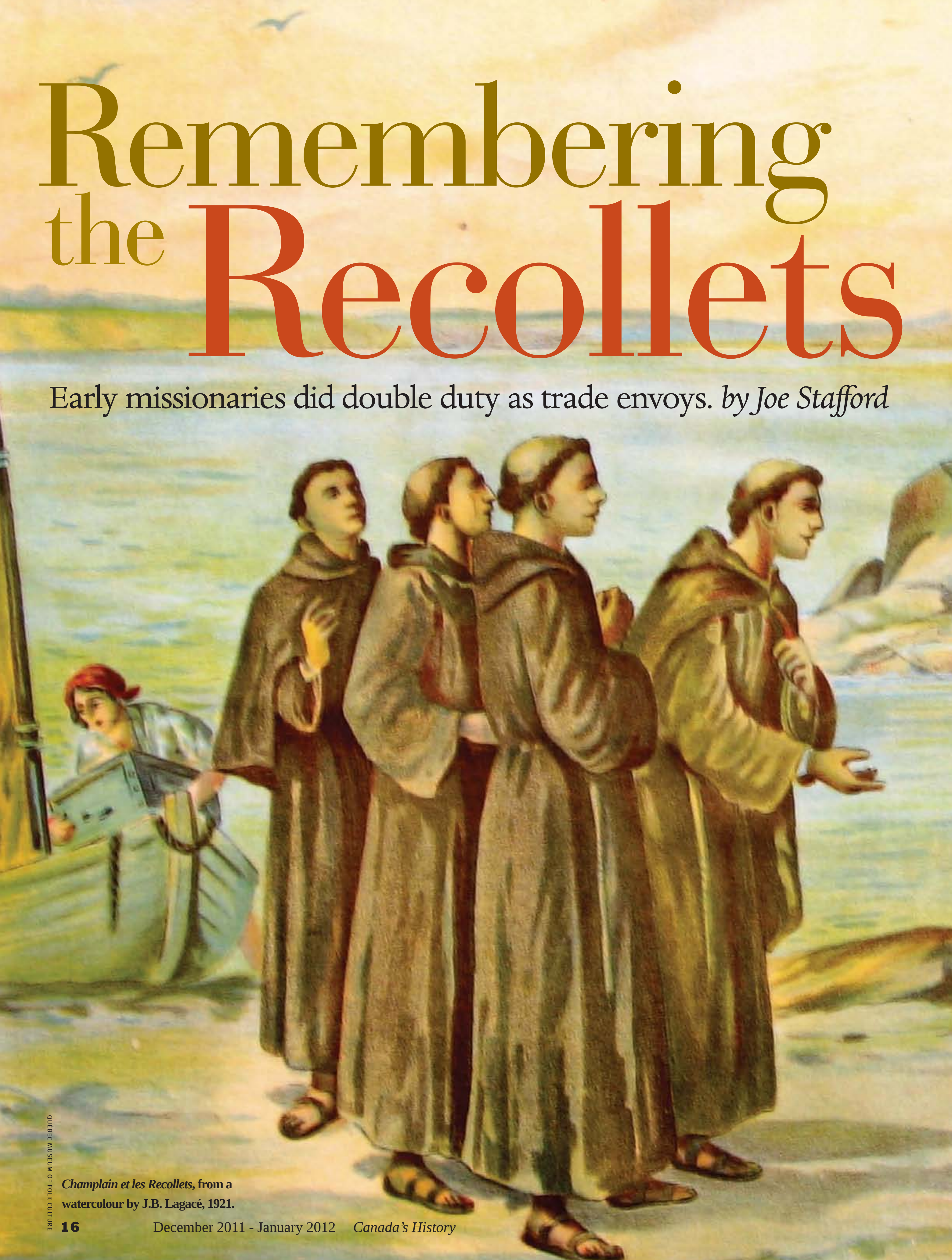
Cold-water diving

The autumn 1982 issue told of Arctic Divers Ltd. laying pipelines at Polaris Mine, Little Cornwallis Island, 129 kilometres northeast of the north magnetic pole. The crew worked at –56 C, under two and a half metres of ice, and experienced many difficulties along the way. "Arctic Divers" was beautifully illustrated with photos of both the team and the Arctic wildlife.

The Hudson's Bay Company, founded in 1670, helped build the nation we today call Canada. To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, as well as to read stories from 90 years of its flagship magazine, *The Beaver*, go to: **canadashistory.ca**

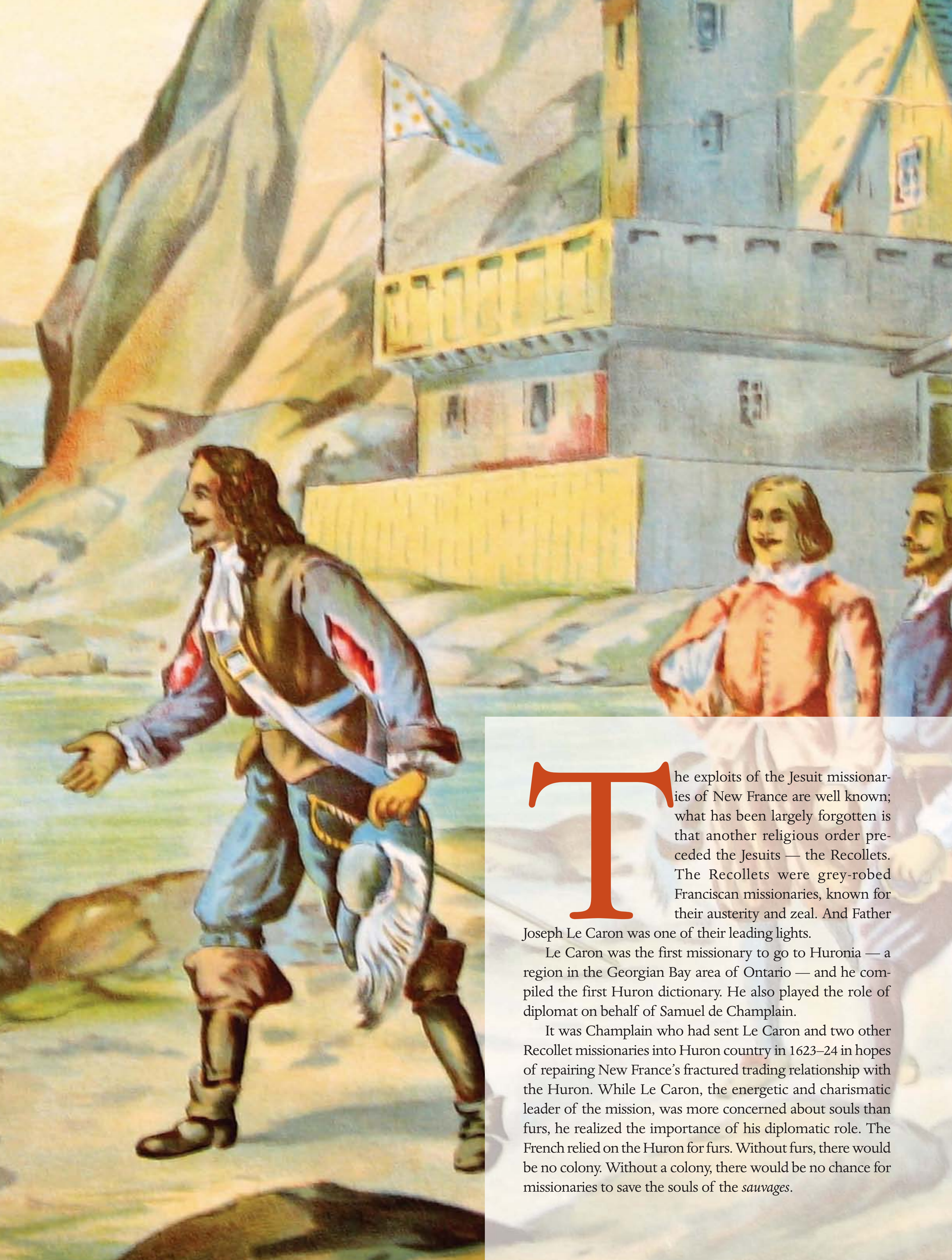
Remembering the Recollets

Early missionaries did double duty as trade envoys. *by Joe Stafford*



***Champlain et les Recollets*, from a watercolour by J.B. Lagacé, 1921.**

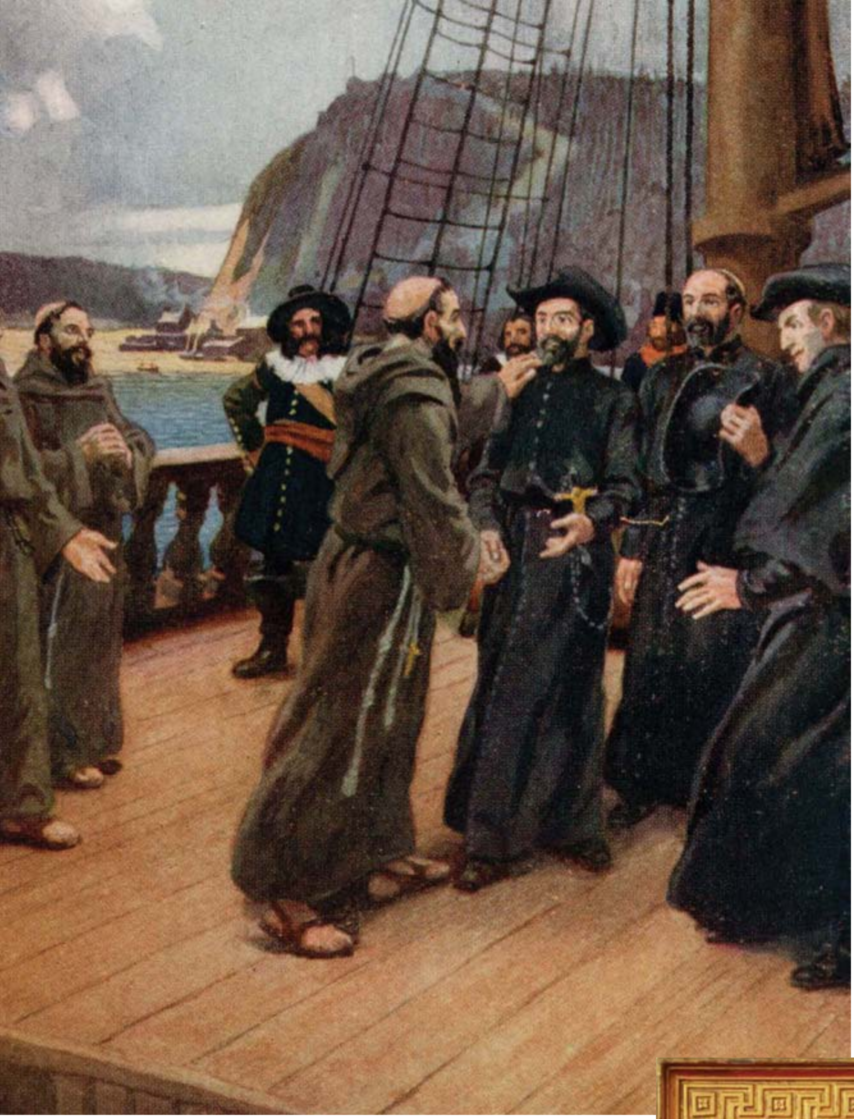
QUÉBEC MUSEUM OF FOLK CULTURE



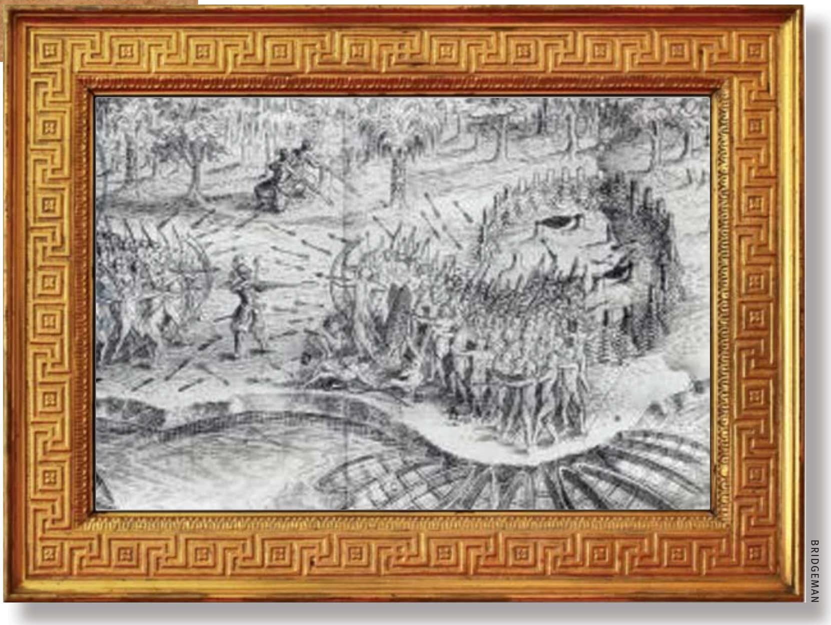
The exploits of the Jesuit missionaries of New France are well known; what has been largely forgotten is that another religious order preceded the Jesuits — the Recollets. The Recollets were grey-robed Franciscan missionaries, known for their austerity and zeal. And Father Joseph Le Caron was one of their leading lights.

Le Caron was the first missionary to go to Huronia — a region in the Georgian Bay area of Ontario — and he compiled the first Huron dictionary. He also played the role of diplomat on behalf of Samuel de Champlain.

It was Champlain who had sent Le Caron and two other Recollet missionaries into Huron country in 1623–24 in hopes of repairing New France's fractured trading relationship with the Huron. While Le Caron, the energetic and charismatic leader of the mission, was more concerned about souls than furs, he realized the importance of his diplomatic role. The French relied on the Huron for furs. Without furs, there would be no colony. Without a colony, there would be no chance for missionaries to save the souls of the *sauvages*.



BRIDGEMAN



BRIDGEMAN

Above: ***The Jesuits Welcomed by the Recollets in 1625*****, a twentieth-century colour lithograph by Charles William Jefferys.**

Right: ***Fighting of Hurons,*** **from *"Voyage de Champlain in 1624"* by Samuel de Champlain. The engraving sketch depicts Champlain in battle with the Huron against the Iroquois.**

Saving souls proved to be a difficult job. After eight long years of trying to spread Christianity, Le Caron and the other Recollets had almost no success. Baptism was seen by the Native people as a healing ritual, not a holy sacrament. The strange-looking celibate priests in their grey cowls were regarded as shamans with magical powers, not messengers sent from God. Le Caron wrote in his memoirs that the Huron were indifferent about belief: "No one must come here in hopes of suffering martyrdom, if we take the word in its strict theological sense, for we are not in a country where savages put Christians to death on account of their religion. They leave everyone in his own belief; they even like our ceremonies externally."

Le Caron made his first trip into Huron country in 1615. He lived among them in the fortified town of Carhagouha. The Huron welcomed the priest, not out of a desire to be converted to Christianity but in order to please Champlain, who was then helping them in a military operation against their enemies, the Iroquois. The Huron also wanted to strengthen their trade alliance with the French.

But by 1623, the French-Huron alliance had soured. Champlain had made the mistake of welcoming the Iroquois to Quebec to trade. While nothing ever came of this overture, it left the Huron with bitter feelings. They enjoyed a trade monopoly, acting as middlemen between the Algonquin peoples to the north and the French of the St. Lawrence. If the Iroquois, who traded mainly with the Dutch, were to begin dealing with the French, the Huron would lose their favoured position.

No longer trusting Champlain, the Huron began talks with their bitter enemies, hoping to set up a trading relationship with the Iroquois that would give them access to Dutch fur buyers. The Dutch trading post on the Hudson River — near present-day Manhattan — was conveniently located only five hundred kilometres away from Huronia. That was much closer than Quebec, which was some thousand kilometres away.

When news of these talks reached Quebec, Champlain acted immediately. Losing the Huron as allies would mean the French would lose access to the best furs in North America. To prevent this from happening, Champlain sent into Huron country in the spring of 1623 three Recollet missionaries, a couple of secular assistants, and eleven men armed with muskets — the latter were to defend Huron villages from the Iroquois. This party, which travelled with a friendly Huron trading group, was to try to make peace in what was now much more hostile Huron country.

Travelling with the Huron in large birchbark canoes, Le Caron was accompanied by fellow Recollet missionaries Nicolas Viel and Gabriel Sagard. The latter left an account of his adventures entitled *Long Journey to the Huron Country*. In it, Sagard, who had only recently arrived from France, describes his feelings about the journey: "In order to practise patience in good earnest and to endure hardships beyond the limit of human strength, it is only necessary to make journeys with the savages, and long ones especially, such as we did."

Sagard goes on to complain of hunger, bad smells, sleeping on bare ground, "walking with great labour in water and bogs … and over rocks," biting bugs, and not being understood by his Huron companions.

Leaving on July 16, 1623, they travelled about a thousand kilometres from Quebec to near present-day Midland, Ontario. The journey took over two months, with the Huron stopping for a time to barter with French traders at the mouth of the Richelieu River. They then continued to travel down what is now called the St. Lawrence River, then up the Ottawa River to the Mattawa River. After a long portage they reached Lake Nipissing. They crossed the lake, then took the French River to Georgian Bay, arriving in Huronia on August 20.

The Huron welcomed them with mixed feelings. They didn't fully trust the French, but they didn't want to alienate them, either, because their agreement with the Iroquois was anything but certain. At the missionaries' request, the Huron built a lodge for the Recollets outside the palisade village of Quieunonascaran. According to Sagard, they eventually "won them over, and they seemed to vie in courtesy in receiving Frenchmen in their lodge."

But not all the Huron had been "won over." As Sagard noted in *Long Journey to the Huron Country*, the Huron were prone to hiding what they really thought. At times they even "promise much but perform little, for in order to get something from you they can very well flatter and promise.... For this reason one must be on one's guard and trust them only on sure grounds if one does not wish to be deceived."

Le Caron, the acknowledged leader of the missionaries, was a special target for the Huron's simmering resentment. This came to a head one day as Le Caron was welcoming several Huron visitors to his lodge. In *The Children of Aataentsic: A History of the Huron People to 1610*, Canadian archaeologist Bruce G. Trigger pieces together the historical record to describe what happened:

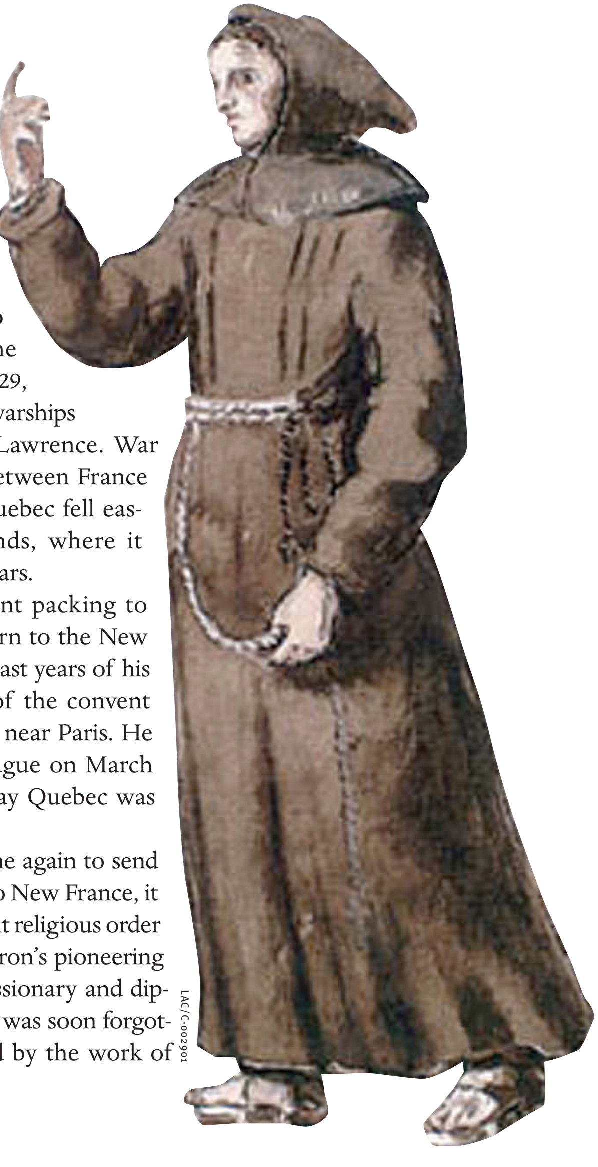
"Many Huron were in the cabin and one of them, who did not have a place to sit, tried to push aside a Frenchman who already had one. We are not told why the Huron acted as he did, but a legitimate principal of rank or seniority was likely involved. When Le Caron told the Huron to be quiet, the latter became angry and struck at the priest with a stick. The French who were present prevented the priest from being hit, but as a result, a brawl broke out between the French and the Huron youths."

Sagard immediately ran to the village to seek the intervention of the local chief while Le Caron and some of the other Frenchmen remained behind to guard the lodge in case of further attack. The next day, the chief, Auoindaon, convened a general council in his own lodge to deal with the crisis. He made sure that the village's young and aggressive warriors attended.

The Huron chief addressed the Recollets as his close relatives: "My nephews, at your prayer and request I have assembled this general council, that right may be done you in this matter of the complaint you have laid with me." Sagard then explained how the warrior had attempted to kill Father Le Caron even though Le Caron was only trying to save the Huron from the "tyranny of Satan." The chief responded, speaking at length about how wrong it would be to injure the priests, since they had done nothing wrong. The Recollets were then "feasted by the whole gathering with a thousand entreaties to forget the past completely and to remain good friends as before," wrote Sagard.

With this general council a major crisis in French-Huron relations had been avoided. Le Caron had succeeded in the task that Champlain had given him. He returned to Quebec in the spring of 1624 accompanied by two hundred Huron warriors in sixty fur-laden canoes, according to a later Recollet missionary, Chrestien LeClerq. LeClerq, whose *The First Establishment of the Faith in New France* was published in 1691, records that the Huron refused to depart for Quebec until Le Caron could accompany them, since he was the Frenchman in whom they had the most confidence.

Below: A Recollet priest depicted in a watercolour by Henri Beau (1863–1949).



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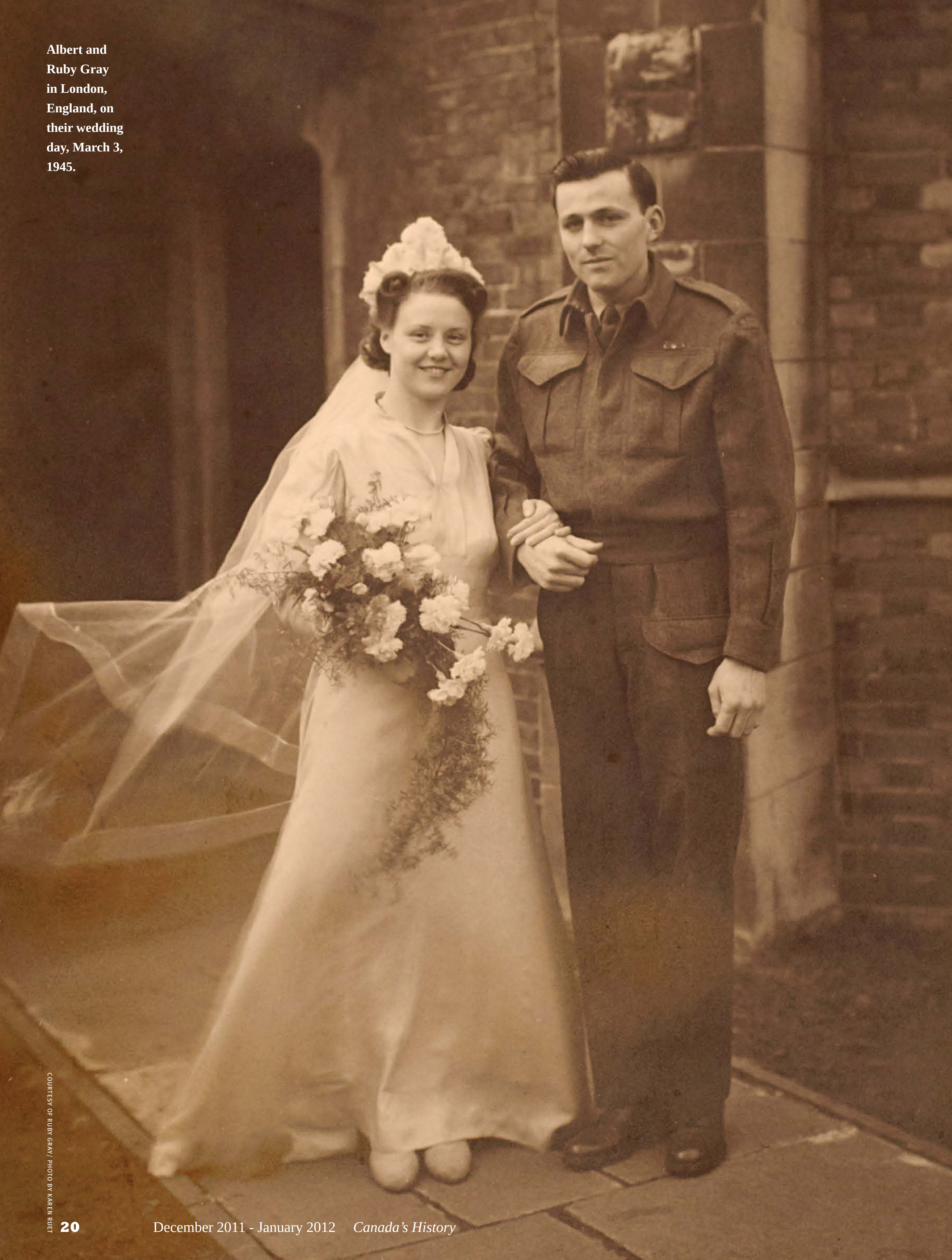
The French did learn an important lesson from this: Never again would they neglect their trade alliance with the Huron.

As for the Recollets, their missionary effort came to an abrupt end on the morning of July 19, 1629, when three English warships appeared in the St. Lawrence. War had been declared between France and England, and Quebec fell easily into English hands, where it remained for three years.

Le Caron was sent packing to France, never to return to the New World. He spent the last years of his life as the superior of the convent of Sainte-Marguerite near Paris. He died there of the plague on March 29, 1632, the same day Quebec was restored to France.

When it came time again to send French missionaries to New France, it was the powerful Jesuit religious order that took over. Le Caron's pioneering role as a Recollet missionary and diplomat in New France was soon forgotten — overshadowed by the work of the Jesuits.



Albert and Ruby Gray in London, England, on their wedding day, March 3, 1945.

COURTESY OF RUBY GRAY / PHOTO BY KAREN RUET

LOVE'S STORY

The postwar influx of war brides made a lasting impact on Canada. One woman is fighting to preserve their legacy. *by Philip Lee*

It's still the same old story
A fight for love and glory
A case of do or die
The world will always
welcome lovers
As time goes by.
—"Time Goes By" from
the movie *Casablanca* (1942)

Albert and Ruby Gray in Canada, 1946.

PHOTO COURTESY OF RUBY GRAY

On a warm spring afternoon in the town of Sussex, New Brunswick, Ruby Gray is walking me down Main Street toward the old train station as she tells the story of how sixty-six years ago she stepped onto a crowded platform and into a new life — a journey launched and sustained by successive leaps of faith.

She arrived on the Sussex railway platform in June 1945, a twenty-three-year-old nurse from a working-class neighbourhood in London who had fallen in love with a handsome, soft-spoken, dark-haired Canadian soldier named Albert Gray, a carpenter by trade.

Weeks earlier, she had said goodbye to her mother and father, three sisters, and her friends, and boarded a ship filled with returning soldiers, war brides, and their children. She was assigned to a cabin on the ship, where she met other British women who had fallen for Canadian soldiers. Some of the women were pregnant; others had small children on their hips. They drank Canada Dry ginger ale during the Atlantic crossing to combat seasickness. They landed among huge crowds of people when the ship arrived at Pier 21 in Halifax.

"We were excited, apprehensive, but most of all it was an adventure," recalls Ruby. "It was just an overwhelming feeling. One woman put it very succinctly: First of all we were lovesick, then we were seasick, and then we got here and after a while we were homesick. But we still stayed with it."

On the trip by rail from Halifax to Sussex she was struck by how slowly the train moved and by the enormity of the empty wilderness spaces between towns. On each stage of the journey she met more war brides and exchanged stories and photographs.

Albert would follow later in the fall, and in the meantime she would live with his parents, who she met for the first time on the Sussex railway platform. She had been corresponding and exchanging photographs with Albert senior, his wife Eleanor, and their daughter Elizabeth before she left London. When the train stopped in Sussex, the platform was filled with people.

"I looked out at this sea of faces and I remember thinking, 'If I don't see someone I know I ain't getting off this train.'" She needn't have worried. When the door opened, her new in-laws were right in front of her — her father-in-law stood with his arms wide open. Together they all walked to the Gray's apartment home.

It would be thirty-five years before Ruby returned to England, and more than two decades before she would be reunited with her own family in a meaningful way.

These are all distant memories now. In recent years, Ruby Gray has been dealing with the aches and pains that come with old age. She walks with a slight limp from an old hip injury. Yet she still lives large. She uses her cane more as a pointer for gesturing than as a support. She flashes a big smile often and speaks with the trace of a British accent.

She loves to talk and won't say no to a splash of Bailey's Irish Cream in her coffee on special occasions. She's so small and thin that I just want to pick her up and put her in my pocket and take her home when I am telling her goodbye in her doorway after one of our visits.

Sussex today is a boom town of four thousand surrounded by lucrative dairy farms and potash mines. It has imported big box stores and shopping malls (Ruby's not crazy about them), but it still has a vibrant downtown street of brick and clapboard shops. Sharp's drugstore on the corner still operates under the same name it had in 1945. And the old train station looks remarkably the same as it did on the day Ruby Gray arrived, except that today it houses an ice cream parlour and a small museum. Passenger trains don't stop here anymore.

Ruby walks up the station's main stairs and into the 8th Hussars Regimental Museum. She marches me past artifacts of the Boer War, the Great War, and the Second World War, coming to a stop in front of a small display case in a back corner. There, behind the glass, is a modest war-bride display, including black-and-white photographs, an old steamer trunk — and a beautiful floor-length linen dress in a startling colour of robin's egg blue. "That's my wedding dress," she says proudly.

Stopping to catch her breath, she leans on her cane for a moment. Ruby wore that dress on March 3, 1945, the day she married Albert in London. It took three tries to complete the wedding. Albert missed the first two scheduled dates because the army cancelled his leave both times. It was left to Ruby to console the guests, eat the leftover sandwiches, and deal with friends who were convinced she had been stood up.

> "I know my friends were feeling sorry for me, thinking I had been dumped. But I knew he would show up."

KAREN RUET

"I know my friends were feeling sorry for me, thinking I had been dumped. But I knew he would show up."

She judged him correctly. The young man — who had enlisted in 1942 as a craftsman and received additional training as an electrician before beginning his war service in England and Europe — showed up promptly in his army uniform on the third wedding date.

The ceremony went off without a hitch, apart from the unsettling sound of German buzz bombs falling on the city as they were saying their vows.

"We waited for [them] to land during the middle of the wedding ceremony," recalls Ruby, who shrugs off the idea

Ruby Gray stands before the former Sussex, New Brunswick, train station, where she arrived in June 1945 to start her new life in Canada.

that they were at all courageous. "Well, we had no choice. You adapt. You would do it here if you had to. They say, 'Oh you British people.' Well it's not that way. It's people, that's all."

Ruby Gray was one of 48,000 women from overseas who married Canadian servicemen during the Second World War. Known as war brides, they were part of what has been called the "Greatest Generation" and they made a lasting impact on Canadian society. But as they grow old and their numbers dwindle, their legacy threatens to pass away with them.

"I went looking for the World War I brides, and nobody has anything to show that they were here," she says. That's why war brides such as Ruby and their descendants have taken on the task of keeping their memory alive. The war-bride corner of the 8th Hussars Regimental Museum is Ruby's final civic project. She is collecting names, compiling files on each of the women she can find, and gathering photographs and memorabilia. The curator promised better space and a larger display in the future, and you can bet she'll hold him to it; Ruby Gray is a follow-through kind of woman.

WAR BRIDES
FREDERIC
N.B.
NEW BRUNSWICK
WAR BRIDE
ASSOCIATION

Above: The New Brunswick War Brides Association gathers in April 2011 in Sussex. Ruby Gray stands in the back row, far right.

It was a generation of people who understood what it meant to be a citizen, that it required giving of oneself.

In another outreach effort, Ruby held a tea party at her home that brought war brides and high school students together as part of a school project. At the end of the event, the students listened raptly as the elderly women sang songs from the war, classics such as “We’ll Meet Again,” “White Cliffs of Dover,” and “For Me and My Gal.”

“It was an emotional time for all of us,” says Patricia Stout, an English teacher and war-bride daughter who helped organize the event. “This is not just about the war but about their contributions to the community after the war. These people have gone on to do exceptional things, like Ruby. What did they learn and how did they shape their personalities, how did they get the tenacity that Ruby has? The war brides had a willingness to embrace new experiences, and when they got here they just kept going.”

The historical phenomenon of the war brides’ mass immigration is interesting — thousands of young women leaving everything they knew for love and adventure. But that was really just the beginning of a much larger story that played out in communities across Canada.

The larger story is about living among the ups and downs of daily life. It’s about a generation of people who understood what it meant to be a citizen, that it required giving of oneself. In this case, the story is about the courageous and uncompromising approach to living that Ruby Gray brought to the town of Sussex, how she came here alone, and, when her time comes, will leave here embraced by an entire community.

Ruby Gray always told her daughters that in this life we face two choices: either we do it or we don’t. If we don’t do it, we will probably always wonder if we should have. So we try it, and it will either work or it won’t. It’s as simple as that. By following her advice, Ruby has created the arc of a remarkable life that even at age ninety is still being fiercely drawn.

If Ruby hadn’t followed her own advice, she wouldn’t be where she is today. Her being here depended on her decision to go for a drink with a young Canadian soldier when she met him on the street in London, one evening in 1942. Three years later she was in Canada, where she went on to raise three children, race bicycles, lead the New Brunswick War Brides Association, run successful businesses, raise funds for various causes, and serve as deputy mayor. She even got to meet the Queen.

“What’s extraordinary about Ruby is the impact she had on the community,” says Stout.

Ruby was born on October 5, 1921. Her father, William Samuel Hall, worked for a meat cutter and she remembers riding in the sidecar of his Harley Davidson motorcycle past the row houses of the London neighbourhood where they lived. One of four children, all girls, she stayed in school till she was seventeen, then began working full-time. She loved literature and composition classes and kept a daily diary throughout most of her life.

When war came, eighteen-year-old Ruby trained to be a nurse. Meanwhile, her father joined the fire brigade, working nights to put out fires started by incendiary bombs. When the Blitz intensified, Ruby's youngest sister Sonia was, like other youngsters in London, sent away to the countryside for safety. Their mother, Ruby Edith, eventually followed.

Ruby met Albert Gray on the street in London while waiting for another man who was late arriving. Albert stopped to talk and asked her to join him for a drink; deciding that her first date had missed his chance, she agreed. That was the beginning of their love affair.

She later asked Albert why he stopped to talk to her. He replied with characteristic New Brunswick understatement that she looked "healthy." She always thought that was a funny thing to say, but it's true. Even today she radiates vitality and charisma, a small woman with bright eyes and spunk to spare. It's easy to see what Albert saw.

DAVID KELLY/KING'S COUNTY RECORD

A year after moving to Sussex, the Grays received a loan from Veterans Affairs and bought a grand old Victorian house for six thousand dollars. Albert the carpenter loved the intricate woodwork and curved oak staircase in the entrance. Ruby loved the sprawling front porch where she would sit with her coffee in the mornings, often joined by friends in the neighbourhood.

The house was always full of people. Albert's parents and sister moved in with them. Then Ruby and Albert added three children — two girls and a boy. The first three decades of Ruby's life in Canada were consumed by the domestic work of running a large household — work that included regular washing and waxing of the beautiful hardwood floors Albert had laboriously restored. Her father-in-law — who the family called Papa Gray — died in 1951. Mother-in-law Gram Gray died in 1970.

Today, Ruby's youngest daughter Margaret, a teacher, is sixty, her son Robert is a businessman, and daughter Sally is a teacher and school administrator. A grandson, Crispin, is a doctor specializing in emergency medicine. She has two great-grandchildren.

Almost as soon as they arrived in Canada, the war brides sought each other out. Ruby belonged to a group called the Overseas Club. They met once a month to talk, sing, knit, laugh, and sometimes cry — some of the "girls" were very lonely.

"What you'd call it now was a support group," says Ruby.

The arrival of the new women in town created quite a stir. Ruby remembers the first time she went down to Sharp's drugstore. Word quickly spread that Albert Gray's new wife was there, and people dropped in just to have a look at her. People were even interested in how she might vote. She remembers that a lady who lived on her street came to her and said, "Of course you'll be voting Conservative, the Grays always did." Ruby replied: "I'm not sure. My father was always a Labour man, so I'll just have to look into it."

Her journal entries of the time describe days filled with activities such as cleaning fiddleheads, knitting socks, playing bridge, making a backyard rink, listening to the opera on the radio on Saturday afternoons, attending church on Sundays, and taking the children to the doctor and to piano lessons.

On Friday, January 22, 1954, she wrote: "Put out washing in afternoon. Girls out to play. Groceries $14. Pancakes for supper. Albert took Bobby to hockey game. Cleaned end of cellar. Mended all Albert's socks. Had radio in sitting room. Knit on 2nd sock. Flooded ice. Albert came back with Billy from hockey."

FOR MY WIFE
Happy Mother's Day to My
WIFE
AIR MAIL
ARMED FORCES AIR LETTER
CANADIAN IMMIGRATION
HALIFAX, N.S.
LANDED IMMIGRANT
IMPORTANT
Mrs. A. J. Gray
Box 133
Sussex
N.B.

KAREN RUET

Above: Ruby Gray's letters and photographs, part of a museum collection of memorabilia that she hopes will help keep the legacy of the war brides alive.

And this on Friday, January 29: "Heaps of snow. Girls out in it. Tea at Eileen's. Parcel from mother. Beautiful red velvet dresses for the girls. Down to Mercantile sale after dinner. Pair shoes for mother $1.98. Brown fur trimmed overshoes for me $4.45. After supper wiped floors and waxed. Bathed children and self. 10 p.m. down to Stanley party. Albert asleep." None of this could have been easy. But there isn't a word in her diaries to suggest that she was feeling sorry for herself. Not one.

In the early 1960s, Albert fell ill. His heart valves weren't functioning properly. In those days, valve replacements weren't done. He was advised to go on long-term disability. But he was having none of that. He told Ruby he would work until the day he died.

Albert was a wonderful carpenter, fussy with his work. Every line had to be straight, every corner plumb. Everything he did was with his great strength in his hands and back. "He wasn't well a lot of the time but he still continued to work," Ruby says. In the evenings, when he would drive in with his truck, she and the children would run out to unload because he was so tired and needed to rest.

Remembering the war brides

Most of Canada's 48,000 World War II war brides came from Britain, with a few thousand coming from the Netherlands, Belgium, France, Italy, and Germany.

Many of the British women met Canadian soldiers who were stationed in England. In some cases, it was a whirlwind romance; in other instances, the women had known their Canadian husbands for a few years before deciding to marry.

George and Janet Zarn, March, 1944.

PIER 21 MUSEUM

Paul and Joan Dumaine, July 1945.

PIER 21 MUSEUM

The Canadian army officially discouraged such marriages, but nevertheless accepted the inevitable and assisted the newlyweds. The Canadian government set up a Canadian Wives' Bureau in London to prepare the women for their eventual move to Canada.

Some came to Canada during the war years, crossing the U-Boat-infested waters of the North Atlantic in troop ships, but most arrived after the war, many of them with children in tow. Once in Canada, they boarded war-bride trains on journeys that could take several days.

Their new lives could be difficult. City-born women landed on remote farms on the Prairies; unilingual anglophones found themselves in French-speaking communities; eager new brides were sometimes not welcomed.

The Canadian government paid for their fares to Canada, but if the marriages didn't work women had to find their own ways back. About five to ten per cent of war brides returned to their homelands.

Those who stayed often connected with other war brides in their communities. Chartered war-bride organizations sprang up across the country in the 1970s.

As Canada's war brides grow old and pass away, the associations they formed have been closing their doors. Yet there is continuing interest in the war-bride phenomenon. Several books have been published in recent years and a number of provinces and communities declared 2006 the Year of the War Bride. Also, a Canadian War Brides Fonds has been established at the New Brunswick Provincial Archives in Fredericton.

—Nelle Oosterom

Meanwhile, members of Ruby's family in England came to Canada to live. In 1967, her sister Sonia and her husband and three children moved into the house next door. Ruby's mother followed.

On Saturday, July 22, 1972, Albert and Ruby attended a friend's wedding. She remembers what they wore — Albert a new suit with a yellow shirt, Ruby a long blue gown. Albert enjoyed himself at the wedding but got tired and went home early. Ruby stayed on for the singing and a party afterwards. Albert and his daughter Margaret spent a happy afternoon together playing cards.

The next day Ruby's diary reads: "Today I became a widow. Wakened at 8 a.m. and went back to sleep. Up at 10 a.m. and looked in at Albert. I think I knew he was dead but told myself he was sleeping and came down. Sonia came over and we had coffee on the verandah. When I came back in I went up and into the bedroom this time and I laid my hands on him and knew he was gone."

Tuesday, July 25: "Up at 6 am. I walked around the garden and sat in the garage where Albert had spent so many hours. If I could only have a few minutes to tell him words unsaid which should have been said. He knows — I must believe this. The girls and I went to the funeral parlour for the last time."

In the weeks that followed, Ruby was left with decisions to make about how she would spend the rest of her life. Her children were grown and out of the house. What to do? "I just sort of floated around for a while," she says. "You sort of live out of space I think."

The time came to make a choice. Either do something or do nothing. Why not do something? It will either work or it won't. So Ruby came up with an idea — she would start her own business.

It was simple: All of the women in town were doing crafts, knitting, and needlepoint, and there was no place for them to buy supplies. So in 1974 she rented a storefront space on Main Street, outfitted it with homemade shelving made of cement blocks and boards, and began ordering stock for her new store. Before long, the Hobby Horse was up and running.

It turned out she had a flair for business. It wasn't long before she entered another venture — she became a partner and then sole owner of a Main Street beauty salon called the Queen Bee, which is still in business today.

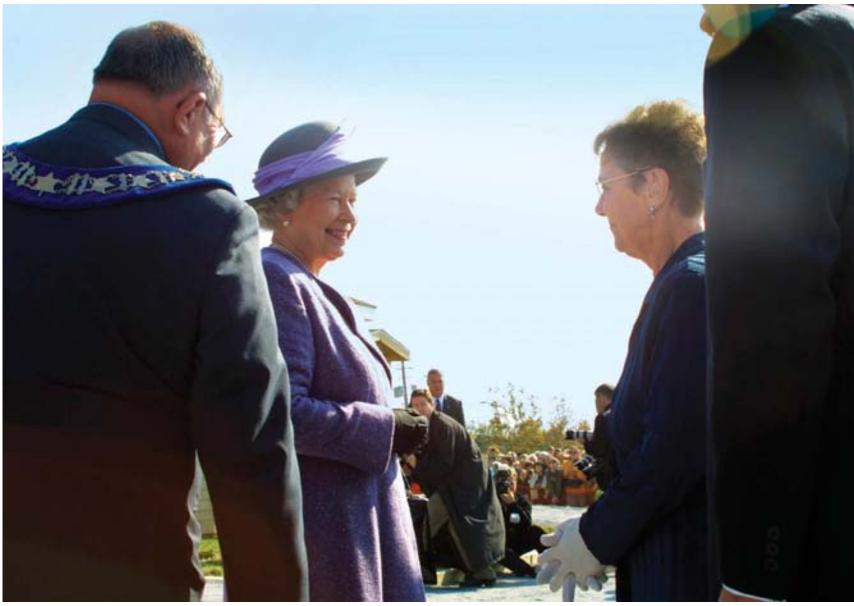
One day, the owner of a fabric store came into the Hobby Horse and handed Ruby signed nomination papers for the upcoming town elections — the downtown merchants wanted her to run for council. So she ran, was elected, and for the next fifteen years the widowed war bride sat at the council table as deputy mayor. For many years, she was the only woman there. When she spoke, she always began by saying, "If I may." At one meeting one of the councillors said something about women not being able to do a man's job: Ruby stood up, picked up her chair, held it in front of her, and said, "Do you want to say it again?"

"I don't know what made me do that," she says. "Everybody laughed, but I made my point."

Flush with success, she one day turned to her mother and asked what she would like most of all for a present. "She said a little house of her own. She had never had one. So I bought her one downtown and she lived in that until she died."

For Ruby, prosperity meant nothing if it wasn't shared with her community. She ran fundraising drives and organized community events. As a member of the Kiwanis Club — she was one of its first female members — one of her crowning achievements was a new seniors centre named Golden Jubilee Hall. She was a key fundraiser for the building and even picked up a hammer to help build it.

As it happened, Golden Jubilee Hall was officially opened by the Queen in 2002, the golden jubilee year of her reign. And who presented Queen Elizabeth with a bouquet of flowers on that day? Why, Ruby, of course.


JAMIE ROACH

Above: Queen Elizabeth chats with Ruby Gray in 2002 during a celebration in Sussex marking the golden jubilee of her reign.

Her son stood beside her, holding her arm. For once, Ruby was speechless.

"I wish I had said that little did I know that when I was a child growing up in the north of London that I would be standing before my Queen in Canada."

A plaque inside the building states that the Queen opened it to "honour the ideals of community spirit as exemplified by Ruby Gray through her dedication to the social and cultural well being of the town of Sussex."

Ruby was just one of 48,000 Second World War brides. One way or another, they made an impact on their communities. Some were cut from the same cloth as Ruby. Toughened by war and displacement, they simply got on with living, leaving their little parts of Canada better than they found them.

As for Ruby, she's not through yet. On Canada Day 2011, well into her ninetieth year, she was still on top of her game. Wearing a huge red hat and riding in a big red Pontiac convertible, Ruby was the parade marshal in the town of Sussex Canada Day parade.

Bravo, Ruby Gray. Bravo.

Shifting Sites

Mapping the changing landscape of Canada’s National Historic Sites. *by Claire Campbell*

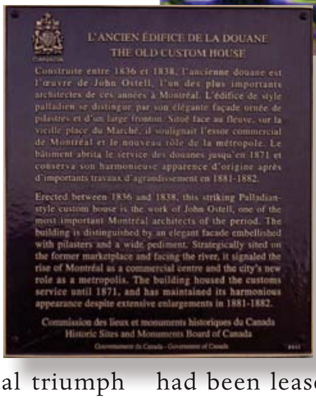
PARCS CANADA

Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, sieur de La Vérendrye, certainly had good business sense. When he established Fort Rouge at the forks of the Red and Assiniboine rivers in 1738, he chose a site used for thousands of years as a natural meeting and trading place by Assiniboine, Ojibwa, and Cree peoples. Others who came after him evidently shared this opinion, as railway tracks were laid across the site, depositing grain (or settlers) instead of furs.

By the time the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada (HSMBC) designated the place as a National Historic Site in 1974, it had been buried beneath the railyards for nearly a century. Fifteen years later, when Parks Canada opened The Forks NHS to the public, the site had been transformed again. A quiet urban park reconnected downtown Winnipeg to its historic riverbanks. Instead of costumed interpreters and wooden palisades, Parks Canada introduced only landscaping, adding native prairie species and a smattering of interpretive sculptures. Tucked behind market shops on adjacent property, The Forks once again invited new use in an old space. And now you could bring a latte.

The Forks embodies what I see as the three Rs of Canada's National Historic Sites: reinterpret, re-inhabit, and reuse. Although historic sites promise us a trip back in time, they must continually justify their survival in the present. In addition, these fixed locations are required to convey ever-changing ideas about Canada. As ideas about history have evolved, the HSMBC, which recommends the designation of historic sites, and Parks Canada, which manages 167 of these sites, have often adapted these places to current circumstances in pursuit of that critical fourth R: relevance.

For much of the twentieth century, the HSMBC, when making its recommendations to government, favoured sites that affirmed a coherent narrative of Canada's territorial expansion and the reconciliation of its two founding nations, with dashes of wilderness excitement and technological triumph to enliven the coming of peace, order, and good government. After 1919 bronze plaques on stone cairns appeared on the sites of former — and often long-vanished — fur trade posts from Hudson Bay to the Pacific.



L'ANCIEN ÉDIFICE DE LA DOUANE
THE OLD CUSTOM HOUSE

Construite entre 1836 et 1838, l'ancienne douane est l'œuvre de John Ostell, l'un des plus importants architectes de ces années à Montréal. L'édifice de style palladien se distingue par son élégante façade ornée de pilastres et d'un large fronton. Situé face au fleuve, sur la vieille place du Marché, il soulignait l'essor commercial de Montréal et le nouveau rôle de la métropole. Le bâtiment abrita le service des douanes jusqu'en 1871 et conserva son harmonieuse apparence d'origine après d'importants travaux d'agrandissement en 1881-1882.

Erected between 1836 and 1838, this striking Palladian-style custom house is the work of John Ostell, one of the most important Montréal architects of the period. The building is distinguished by an elegant facade embellished with pilasters and a wide pediment. Strategically sited on the former marketplace and facing the river, it signaled the rise of Montréal as a commercial centre and the city's new role as a metropolis. The building housed the customs service until 1871, and has maintained its harmonious appearance despite extensive enlargements in 1881-1882.

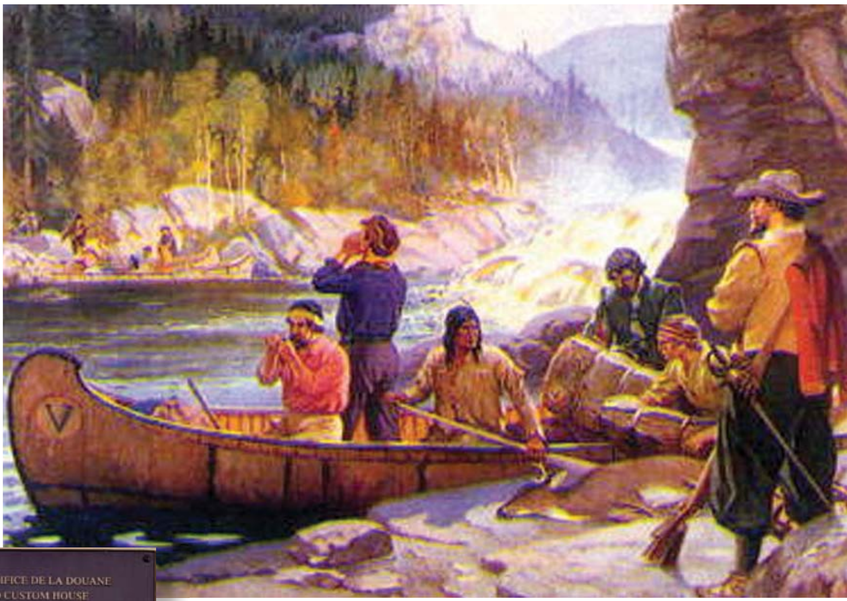
Commission des lieux et monuments historiques du Canada
Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada

Gouvernement du Canada - Government of Canada

STEPEN AUBUCHON

Also recognized were forts where the North West Mounted Police sought to pacify the "rebel" Métis. In the St. Lawrence Valley and the Maritimes, blockhouses, star forts, and stone walls marked first the struggle for a continent between France and Britain, and later efforts to defend loyalist British North America from our republican neighbours to the south. And, of course, there were places associated with leading personalities, from the Duc d'Anville's shoreline encampment to the more comfortable lodgings of prime ministers.

These commemorations, like the board itself, were essentially academic; a plaque announcing an event or place of historical significance rarely interfered with its surroundings. At the same time, the Dominion Parks Branch was experimenting with a more activist approach. James B. Harkin, its first commissioner, envisioned a new category of historic parks as a way of expanding the national parks system eastward. By acquiring properties from the Department of Militia and Defence or other federal departments, the Parks Branch could provide people in eastern Canada with accessible and scenic green spaces complete with evocative ruins, "pregnant with early Canadian history and which but [await] material expression," Harkin said.



MC CORD MUSEUM

Previous page: A boy participates in the "soldier for a day" program for children at Fort Beausejour National Historic Site, New Brunswick.

Above: *Pierre de La Vérendrye, on the Upper St. Maurice River, 1725*, from a twentieth-century print by John David Kelly.

Left: A Parks Canada's plaque.

In fact, Canadians were already reusing these sites for their own purposes. In Nova Scotia, Fort Anne had been leased as "park and place of resort" and housed a baseball diamond, while the Windsor Golf Club incorporated the grounds of Fort Edward into a golf course. Farmers in Alberta and Saskatchewan ploughed over the remains of the North West Company's post at Rocky Mountain House and the area surrounding the village of Batoche. In the 1930s, inspired by the reconstruction of Colonial Williamsburg on the one hand and by the exigencies of the Great Depression on the other, the federal government adopted an equally pragmatic view, funding partial reconstructions at large sites like the

PARKS CANADA

Above: At Fortress of Louisbourg National Historic Site in Nova Scotia, three period restaurants serve food and beverages based on eighteenth-century tradition and recipes. Parks Canada has turned dining into a major attraction at its historic sites.

Below right: The brightly painted old town section of Lunenberg, Nova Scotia, established in 1753, is a national historic district.

Halifax Citadel and Prince of Wales Fort in hopes of stimulating both the economy and patriotic sentiment. By the 1950s, National Historic Sites were widely recognized — not least by the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters, and Sciences — as attractions designed to draw visitors from Canada and abroad.

Site development accelerated through the 1960s, supported by massive funding for centennial projects and the National Parks Branch's growing staff of historians and archaeologists. Full-scale reconstructions and living history programs became the norm. At fur trade sites like Manitoba's Lower Fort Garry, Canadians could expect well-stocked storehouses, with the big house furnished with fine china and the chief factor's wife in period dress sewing demurely in the corner. The Fortress at Louisbourg rose again in the fog of Cape Breton, the largest reconstruction every undertaken in Canada, and a triumph for — depending on your point of view — Canadian archaeology, the Parks Branch's engineering division, or federal employment programs.

But Louisbourg would prove to be the high-water mark of Canada's historic reconstructions. Ottawa retreated from funding historical megaprojects at the same time as historians retreated from a singular national narrative.New histories were more likely to be framed by the "limited identities" of region, ethnicity, and class, and Parks Canada began to adapt its historic and budgetary resources to suit the times.

Archaeological research, originally used to inform reconstructions, became a showpiece in its own right. At Abernethy, Saskatchewan, old tree stumps marked the lines of shelter belts planted by William Motherwell. Like thousands of other Ontario settlers, Motherwell planted the trees to protect his farm on the open prairie. When Rocky Mountain House NHS opened in 1976, three of the four known fort sites were presented as grassed-over digs; the only "reconstruction" was a metal frame that mimicked the outline of a Hudson's Bay Company palisade. On the Labrador coast, archaeologists located a series of Basque whaling stations and the wreck of a sunken sixteenth-century galleon, then housed their findings in the community of Red Bay.

In presenting a historic site as a place of artifacts, or of history in situ, Parks Canada profoundly altered the nature of a site visit. The interpretative centre at Port au Choix, Newfoundland, was located so visitors would have to walk some kilometres "in the footsteps of the Palaeoeskimo people" across the limestone barrens to the coast. A few kilometres upriver from the reconstructed habitation at Port-Royal NHS, a few text panels at Melanson Settlement direct our gaze across

FIRST LIGHT

open fields to the Annapolis River as the seventeenth-century Acadians would have seen it. The aim of this approach is to convey a sense of place — identification with the past through ambiance and contemplation. With a budget as light as its environmental footprint, this approach is both thrifty and respectful; whether most Canadians can easily visualize a Paleoeskimo camp or an Acadian farmhouse, or whether they will be drawn to Louisbourg's more modest cousins, is another question.

Where earlier sites had presented the story of Canada as a project of continental exploration and expansion, now they depicted the nation as a collection of regional geographies — an archipelago, as geographer Cole Harris described it. In the 1980s, the HSMBC recognized several prairie settlement and field patterns as having national significance, including the Motherwell shelterbelts and the Mormon irrigation systems at Stirling, Alberta. Also recognized was the Métis river lot, still visible on the North Saskatchewan River at Batoche, as part of a move to acknowledge its role in "the history, evolution, continuity of the Métis community" before and after 1885.

The nature of landholding was highlighted in eastern Canada as well, with Strathgartney Homestead on Prince Edward Island chosen to represent the province's historic struggle with leasehold tenure. The concept of cultural landscape affected even that most traditional of historic sites, the star-shaped fort: In 1997, Parks Canada quietly slid the theme of "the relationship of people and landscape" ahead of the more conventional "struggle for a continent" at Fort Beauséjour in New Brunswick.

Individual if grand Italianate homes with "John A. slept here" cachet were becoming a minority. Instead, new sites might be complex groupings of buildings, such as twentieth-century industrial plants — where the historic sites system, admittedly, had some catching up to do. Examples include the Gulf of Georgia Cannery in Richmond, B.C., the Medalta Potteries in Medicine Hat, Alberta, and the Gooderham and Worts Distillery in Toronto. The new concept of national historic district seemed particularly suited to Atlantic communities, such as Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, or colourful Water Street in St. John's, where colonial grids had been overlaid with two centuries of architectural styles and urban activities. Statements of significance now acknowledged not just a single event (or a single actor) but successive occupants and change over time, cementing the trend away from reconstruction.

PARKS CANADA

Left: Parks Canada has entered the world of food tourism. Visitors to some National Historic Sites can even take lessons in Canadian heritage cooking. A Parks Canada food app launched in 2011 provides up to sixty recipes for everything from bannock to Acadian bouilli.

The emphasis on cultural landscape owed much to the new status of Aboriginal history within the historic sites system. The HSMBC and local historical groups had long been interestedin Aboriginal artifacts — the sixteenth-century earthworks at Southwold, in southwestern Ontario, were designated as early as 1923 — but only as evidence of the country's "prehistory."

By the 1960s, however, it was painfully apparent that the fur trade and NWMP posts, which had dominated the first generation of historic sites, told only one side of the story. Early efforts at revision were more or less superficial. Forty years after Fort Walsh in Saskatchewan was recognized as a key part of the NWMP's Great March West, a second plaque acknowledged the massacre of Nakoda that had precipitated the march in the first place. At fur trade sites across the country, teepees were awkwardly — and, as historians would later argue, somewhat inaccurately — erected outside fort walls to represent Aboriginal camps.

In the 1990s, Parks Canada deemed the history of First Nations, women, and ethnocultural communities "insufficiently represented" in the historic sites system. Ottawa could encourage nominations in new areas or insert alternate narratives at the sites it already owned. It did both. HSMBC plaques at Fort Anne, Nova Scotia, celebrating "imperial vision…extending the realm of Britain beyond the seas" were outnumbered by panels showing Mi'kmaq canoe routes from the Annapolis River and Acadian dykes along the adjacent Allain's Creek. The Riel House in Winnipeg gave over most of the story to the women of the Riel family (in part because Louis himself was almost never there) and the representative features of a Red River frame house on a Métis river lot. The Bar U Ranch in Longview, Alberta, presented the story of prize-winning African-American rancher John Ware as well as those of Aboriginal ranch hands drawn from nearby reserves.

PARKS CANADA

Above: Like other National Historic Sites, The Forks in Winnipeg rents its facilities for weddings and other private functions.

And from Kejimkujik National Park in Nova Scotia to Tr'ochëk in Yukon Territory, Aboriginal cultural landscapes encompassing archaeological resources, traditional knowledge, and contemporary uses redefined the scope and meaning of historic sites.

As is always the case with public history, these changes reflected both the academic and the political climates. Historians like Lyle Dick and Simon Evans were winning national awards for their work on National Historic Sites, showing that first-class research about Canada's history could be done on a local and regional scale. Employment equity meant more site interpreters would be women and Canadians of different ethnic backgrounds. The expansion of the national parks system in the North — itself a sign of the political and ecological times — reinforced the need to acknowledge Aboriginal landscapes.

The new interest in diversity and co-management involved local communities in new ways, although sometimes the community brought its own agenda. Grand Pré NHS is co-managed by the Société Promotion Grand-Pré, which hosts its own national holiday in la Fête nationale des Acadiens, as well as la Journée commémorative officielle du Grand Dérangement. When it opened in 1995, the Bar U Ranch NHS in Alberta announced it would "promote environmental citizenship and practice environmental stewardship" in the fescue prairie grasslands; today, the Pekisko Group, which consists of neighbouring ranchers around the protected area, is lobbying for extended protection against exploratory drilling.

Meanwhile, Parks Canada continues to invent new ways to market National Historic Sites as viable attractions. There are reassuringly familiar period entertainments, like croquet in the garden of Manoir Papineau or Victorian carolling inside the walls of the Halifax Citadel. Public archaeology programs — or more recently, geocaching — might appeal to the more inquisitive. Other uses are more…creative. Fortress Louisbourg offers a murder-mystery dinner theatre within its gloomy stone walls; B.C.'s Fort Langley hosts birthday parties where your child can play at being a nineteenth-century fur trader or gold prospector. At The Forks, Parks Canada will rent you the outdoor amphitheatre for your wedding on the banks of the Red River.

Maybe not what La Vérendrye had in mind, but he'd probably appreciate it as good business sense.

PARKS CANADA

The ongoing challenge to keep National Historic Sites relevant. *by Larry Ostola*

Above: Tourists pose for photos at Artillery Park in Quebec City while a re-enactor dressed as a soldier with the Compagnies franches de la Marine stands nearby.

James Harkin had a dilemma. Commissioner of the Dominion Parks Branch from its creation in 1911, Harkin was responsible for overseeing a cluster of parks centred in the Rocky Mountains of Western Canada. Anxious to find a way to spread this budding system of protected areas eastward and make it more national in scope, Harkin hit on the idea of setting aside places of historic importance to the nation.

He expressed his vision in 1914: "It would be doubly beneficial if these historic spots were not only properly restored and marked, but they should be used as places of resort by Canadian children who, while gaining the benefits of outdoor recreation would at the same time have opportunities of absorbing historical knowledge under conditions that could not fail to make them better Canadians."

The current network of National Historic Sites grew out of Harkin's idea. There had been earlier efforts to commemorate significant persons, places, and events related to Canada's past. As far back as 1827, for example, a monument was erected in Quebec City to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. And in 1895 the Parliament of Canada raised a series of obelisks to mark significant battles of the War of 1812, such as Crysler's Farm and Lundy's Lane. Until Harkin, though, there was nothing systematic about these periodic commemorations.

The National Historic Sites program began modestly enough almost a century ago. As part of Harkin's vision for an eastward advance, the Parks Branch acquired land on the site of Fort Howe in Saint John, New Brunswick, for the first historic park in 1914. This was followed several years later by the acquisition of Fort Anne in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley. This latter site became the prototype for many of those that followed and remains the oldest National Historic Site in Parks Canada's nationwide network.

To his credit, Harkin also recognized the need for expert advice related to the designation of those persons, places, and events that were truly of national significance and not of purely local or regional interest. At his urging, the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada was created in 1919.

To this day, the board, which works in close collaboration with Parks Canada, provides advice to ministers related to the designation of persons, places, and events of national historic significance. To date, 647 persons, 955 places, and 418 events have been formally designated. Bronze government of Canada plaques, which summarize remarkable national stories in a few lines of carefully crafted text, dot every corner of the country.

National Historic Sites range from simple cairns and plaques at places such as Oil Springs, Ontario — the site of Canada's first oil well — to modest dwellings such as the Addison Sod House in Kindersley, Saskatchewan, and architectural gems like the Saint John City Market. Massive testaments to Canada's military history are represented by places such as the Fortifications in Quebec City, while sites like Lower Fort Garry in Manitoba exemplify the network of fur trade posts.

As Parks Canada embarks upon its second century of service to Canadians, the National Historic Sites the agency administers face a number of challenges.

Of the National Historic Sites that have been designated so far, Parks Canada directly administers 167. The remainder are owned by a variety of institutions, organizations, and individuals across the country. While some, such as the Banff Springs Hotel or Vancouver's Stanley Park, continue to fulfill the purposes for which they were originally intended, others, like the Gooderham and Worts Distillery in Toronto and Pier 21 in Halifax, have been successfully adapted to a wide variety of new uses.

As Parks Canada embarks upon its second century of service to Canadians, the National Historic Sites the agency administers face a number of challenges. Beyond the obvious need to make the investments necessary to ensure that these nationally significant places are protected and maintained for the benefit of future generations, the most pressing challenge is to ensure the ongoing relevance of these sites to Canadians.

Reference has sometimes been made to a "nature deficit" — the idea that children are not exposed to nature and the outdoors the way they once were. Of equal concern is the "history deficit" — a generalized lack of historical knowledge and of the persons, places, and events that shaped the country. National Historic Sites have a role to play in helping to address this deficit by connecting citizens to the authentic places where Canada's history happened.

Over the last decade, attendance at many sites has declined significantly. There is a growing sense that solely relying on the traditional historic site menu of products and opportunities will not be enough to entice visitors and reverse this trend, particularly in a context where there is great competition for precious leisure time. More effective and sustained marketing and promotion of the agency's National Historic Sites and the development of new high-quality products and services offering a range of new possibilities for visitors will be critical in meeting this challenge.

Related to this is the need for Parks Canada not only to reach out to traditional audiences but to seek out and encourage new ones, particularly in the urban areas where most Canadians live. With this in mind, particular attention will have to be paid to those who may not be aware of or predisposed to visit historic sites, but who may be attracted by special events or new activities that engage them and spark their interest.

Increased efforts will also have to be made to better engage and involve local communities and communities of interest and to encourage them to take an active interest in their sites. While once, perhaps, having been viewed as somewhat apart from the communities in which they are located, National Historic Sites have to re-establish their identities as community resources and centres of local activity and be fully integrated into community life.

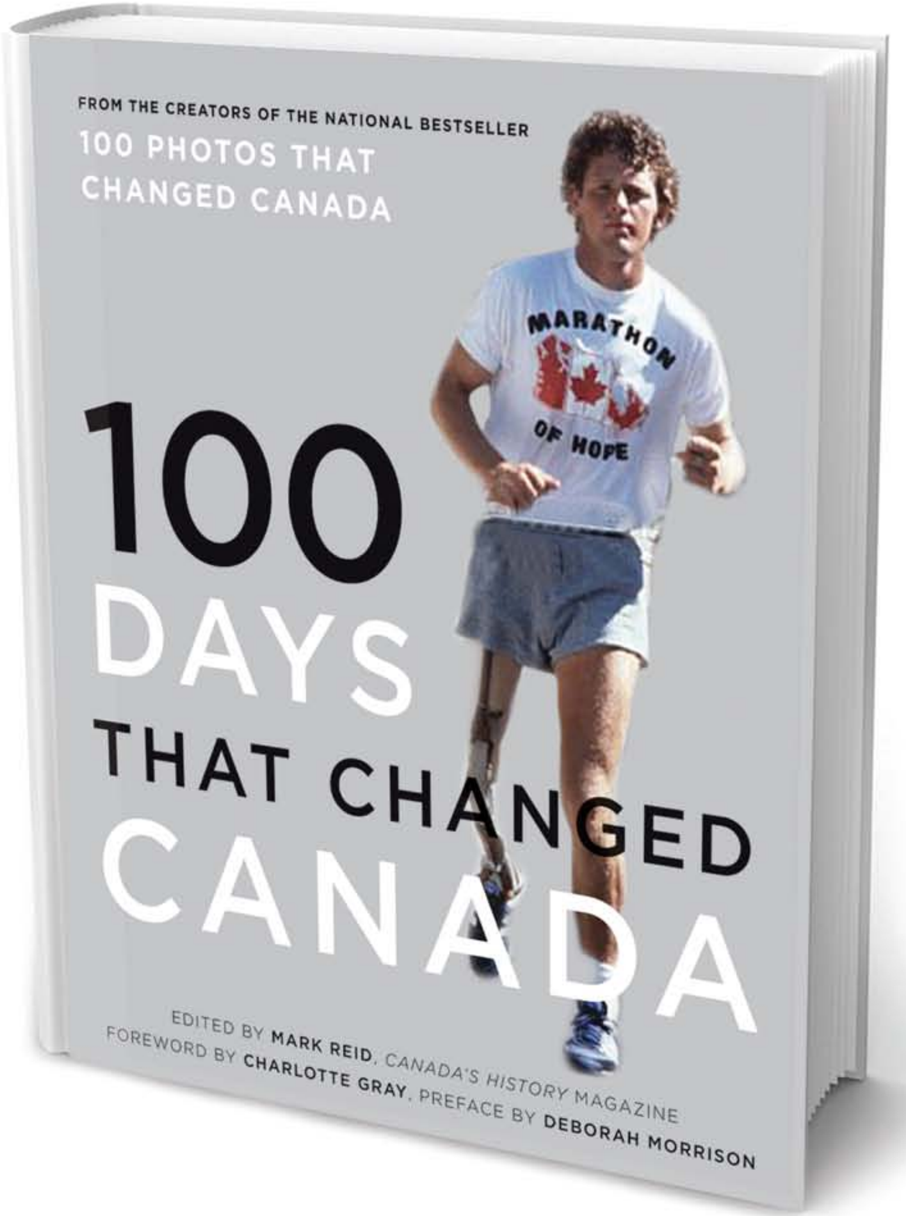
In order to respond to these challenges, change is already taking place at many of Parks Canada's National Historic Sites. Significant new investments have been made in their conservation, and a variety of new programs and special events have been or are being developed. From public archaeology programs to theatrical presentations, concerts, and community events, creative new ways are being found to bring these sites to life.

At the Fortress of Louisbourg, visitors taking part in a unique evening program can sample eighteenth-century cuisine paired with wines in the company of a sommelier and a historian, while at Fort St. James National Historic Site in British Columbia some visitors have had the chance to spend the night in historic surroundings. Other national initiatives include the MyParks Pass program, which is designed to attract Grade 8 students, and Explora, which provides visitors with various types of GPS-based information and is in use at a number of sites.

As Parks Canada winds down its 2011 centennial celebrations, the agency's National Historic Sites face not only challenges but also exciting opportunities. Success in the future will be measured not only by how well these national treasures are protected for future generations, but also in the strength and meaning of the connections that are established between Canadians and these special places, including the irreplaceable historical legacy they represent. J.B. Harkin would have wanted it that way.

Larry Ostola is the director general of National Historic Sites for Parks Canada. For more information, visit www.parkscanada.gc.ca.

100 moments that move us, remind us, and make us proud to be Canadians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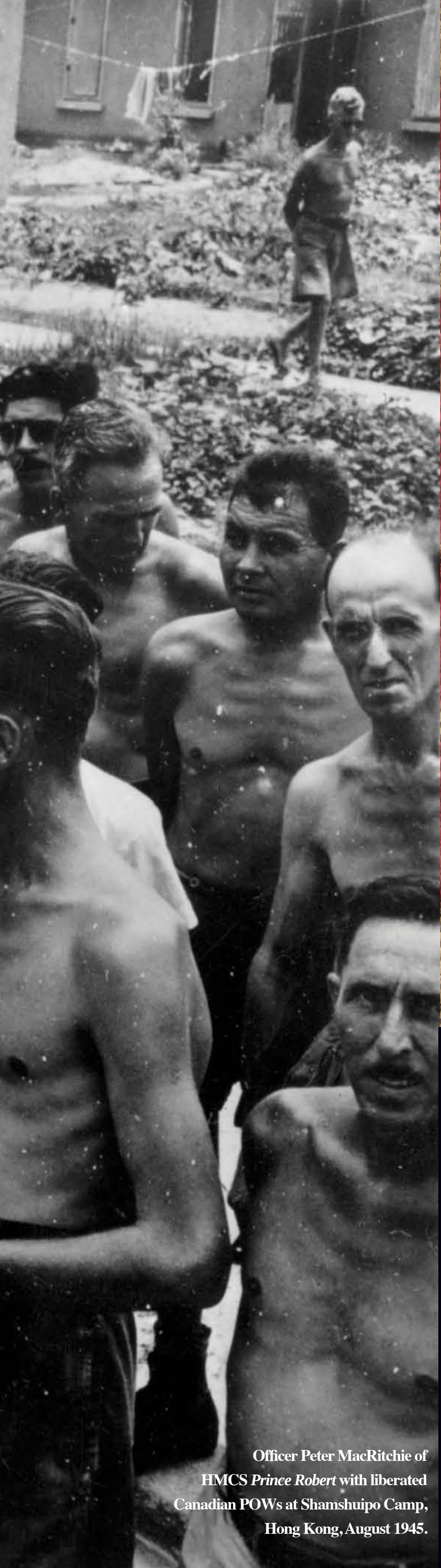
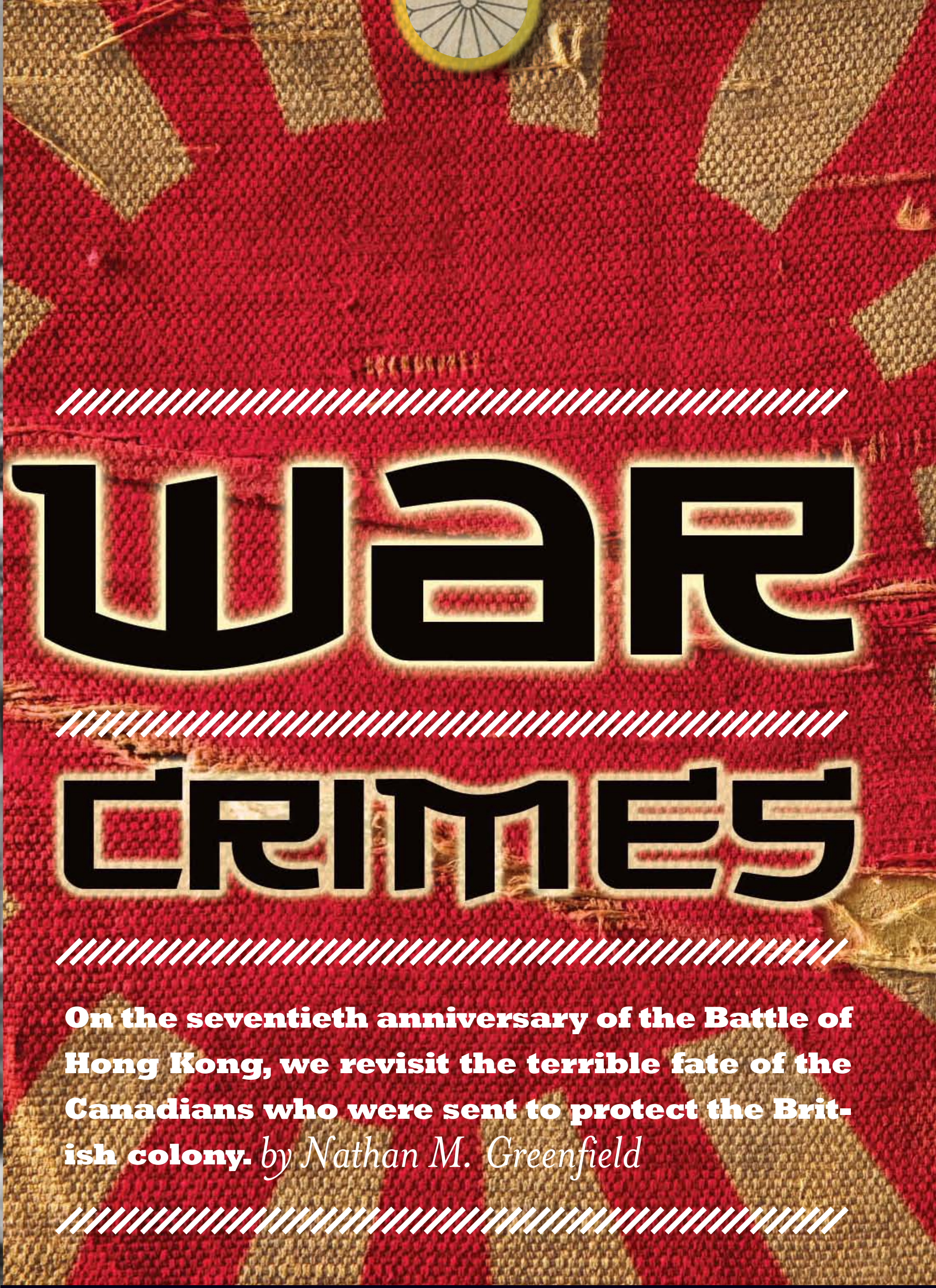


Officer Peter MacRitchie of HMCS *Prince Robert* with liberated Canadian POWs at Shamshuipo Camp, Hong Kong, August 1945.



WAR CRIMES

On the seventieth anniversary of the Battle of Hong Kong, we revisit the terrible fate of the Canadians who were sent to protect the British colony. *by Nathan M. Greenfield*

In November of 1941, almost two thousand Canadian soldiers arrived in Hong Kong to bolster the tiny British colony's defence against a possible Japanese invasion.

Most had never been in battle before and were led to believe they would be doing garrison duty. The request for the troops had come from London, and the mission supposedly involved "no military risk," according to what Major General Harold Crerar told the Canadian cabinet.

Yet political leaders had their doubts. British Prime Minister Winston Churchill had originally turned down the idea of defending Hong Kong against what seemed impossible odds, and Canadian Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King remained lukewarm to the mission even after his Cabinet approved it.

Unfortunately, the prime ministers' misgivings were borne out.

Six weeks later, 265 members of C-Force were dead and the rest were beginning three and a half years of hellish imprisonment. Over the next four years, another 250 would die from malnutrition, illness, accidents, and execution while working as slave labourers. When the survivors were finally freed, many had been reduced to human skeletons.

CANADIAN PRESS

Above: Imperial Army General Hideki Tojo served as Japanese prime minister during most of the Second World War. He was executed in 1948.

Yet, what happened in Hong Kong barely registered with the Canadian public. By World War II's end, they had become almost inured to suffering. So much had happened since the war broke out in 1939 — Dieppe, where even more men were killed, wounded, and taken prisoner than in Hong Kong; Sicily, where 26,000 Canadians landed and 2,400 fell; Juno Beach, where 14,000 stormed ashore and 1,074 were killed or wounded; and, of course, there was the horror of the Nazi death camps.

By the time war crime trials began in Hong Kong and Japan, the human toll of Hiroshima and Nagasaki had begun to become clear, and guilt over the devastating effects of using the atomic bomb — misplaced, in my view — tended to weigh against concentrating on previous horrors. While outrage had greeted the news of the mistreatment of the Canadians immediately after their liberation, the Canadian media almost totally ignored the Japanese war trials between 1946 and 1948.

The Battle of Hong Kong and its aftermath were soon forgotten.

On December 23, 1948, Hideki Tojo, the former prime minister of Japan, was executed for waging "wars in violation of international law." While count No. 29 referred to the attack on Pearl Harbor, for the 1,477 survivors of C-Force, the count that mattered was No. 31: "Waging aggressive war against the British Commonwealth of Nations."

The attack on Hong Kong on December 8, 1941, came a few hours after Pearl Harbor. Within moments, Japanese fliers had destroyed the colony's small air force and murdered many of its civilians.

Hong Kong was defended by a 15,000-man garrison that included the Royal Rifles of Canada, the Winnipeg Grenadiers, two British and two Indian battalions, Royal Navy units, various artillery units, as well as the Hong Kong Volunteer Defence Corps. Garrison commander Major General Christopher Maltby had expected to hold the New Territories of Hong Kong for at least a week. But this was not to be. The better-equipped and battle-hardened Japanese troops pushed his force off the mainland within a few days.

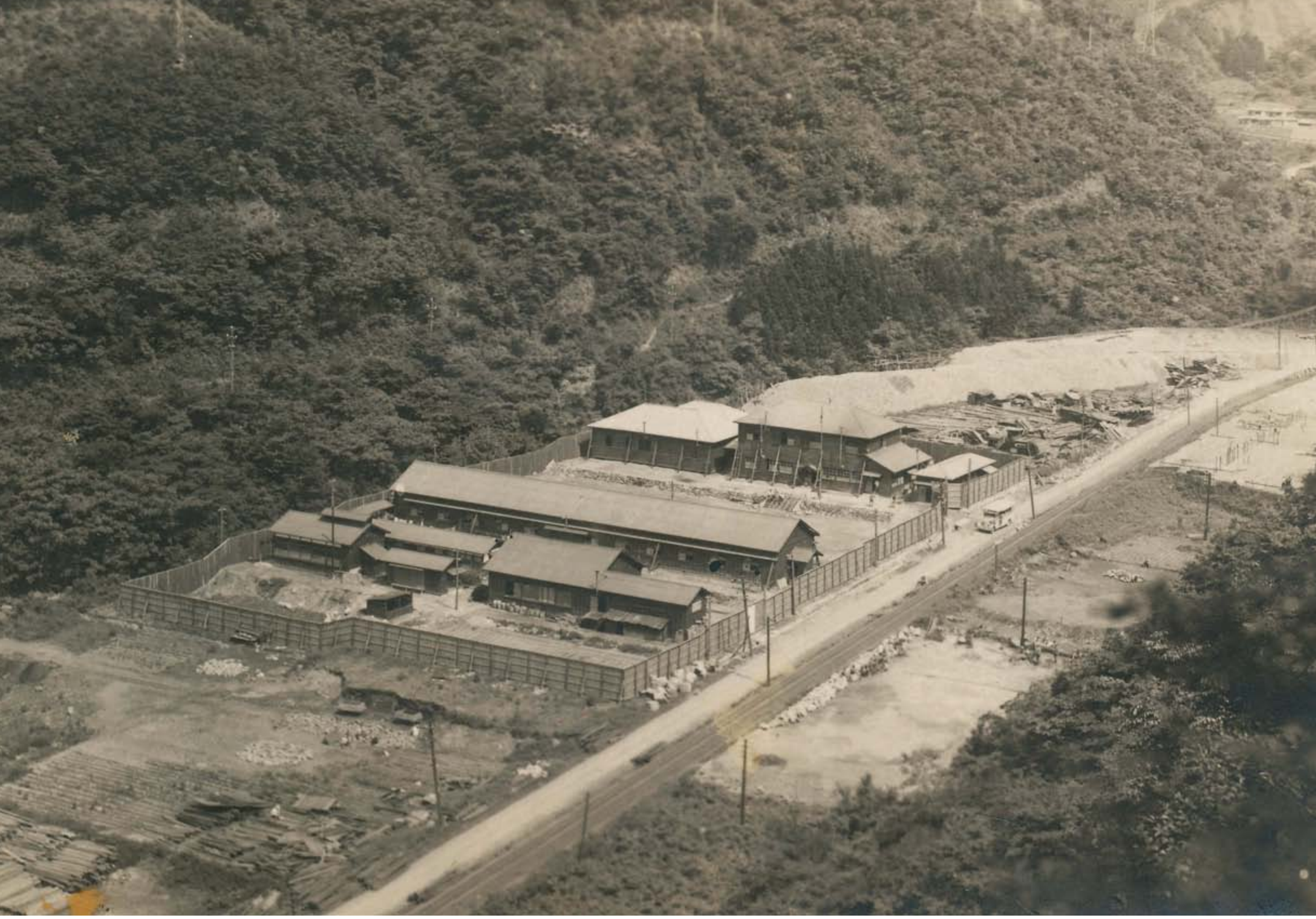
The first Canadians to see action in the field belonged to a company of Winnipeg Grenadiers covering the Royal Scots' retreat through Kowloon — located on the mainland on the southern tip of the New Territories — on December 12. Two Grenadiers became detached before they could board a ferry to Hong Kong Island. Privates Howard Shatford and John Gray were never seen again and were likely the first Canadian soldiers killed in the Second World War.

The bombardment of Hong Kong was planned by Major General Tadamichi Kuribayashi, who knew Canadians well, having served in Ottawa from 1933–35 as the Japanese defence attaché. But, when it came to his firing plan, his sentimental side, seen in the postcard he wrote to his daughter about snowmen at Rideau Hall, was nowhere to be found; the plan violated the 1907 Hague Convention prohibition against targeting civilians.

During its first few days, the Japanese bombardment destroyed the food distribution system and killed fifty-five soldiers and hundreds of civilians. One explosion in a market on December 16 killed one hundred and fifty civilians. Thousands huddled for safety in air raid shelters.

On December 13, Japanese Colonel Tokuchi Tada embarked on the first of his so-called peace missions. Tada crossed Hong Kong Bay in a flat-bottomed barge and

COURTESY GEORGE MACDONELL



Above: Ohashi prison camp in northeastern Japan. The United States Marines rescued Canadian POWs from this camp on September 15, 1945.

demanded that the colony surrender. Had it not taken place against the backdrop of blasted buildings, the event would not have been out of place in a Wayne and Shuster skit. As he waited for Governor Mark Young’s answer, Tada primped for an American photojournalist and let a British woman hostage who was serving as a human shield give her prized dachshunds to a British soldier for safekeeping. After Young sent his reply — a firm no to surrender — Tada seemed surprised, saying: “It will be a pity if we have to level this beautiful city.”

Four days later, Tada tried a second time to obtain a surrender and was again unsuccessful. But his promise of protection for civilians and POWs hid a dark reality: Lieutenant General Sano had already allowed his soldiers three days of rape and rapine in the Wan Chai District of Kowloon, another violation of the Hague Convention’s “laws and usages of war.”

LAC/3241498

Left: Members of C Company, Royal Rifles of Canada, and their mascot, Sergeant Gander, in Vancouver in 1941, en route to Hong Kong.

Hidden by mist and thick smoke from burning oil tanks, three Japanese battalions crossed Hong Kong Bay in the early evening of December 18. They made short work of Maltby’s first line of defence, the Rajputs of India, who suffered grievously as shells blasted apart their machine gun pillboxes, which had been built with substandard concrete.

As the forward units of the Royal Rifles engaged fifth columnists on the northwest corner of the island, the Japanese rushed inland towards Mount Butler, Mount Parker, and Jardine’s Lookout. Since Maltby did not think the Japanese would attack over hills and mountains, he failed to occupy these heights. Once seized, these areas opened the way to the Wong Nai Chung Gap, the possession of which allowed

Above: Canadian and British POWs at Shamshuipo camp are all smiles after their liberation in August 1945.

the Japanese to split the island's defenders. Almost two hundred Canadians died trying to dislodge the Japanese from these mountains or defending the gap.

Shortly after midnight, to avoid being cut off, the Rifles fell back toward Stanley on the peninsula on the southeast part of Hong Kong Island. As they did so, a Japanese officer called out to twenty-six Hong Kong Volunteers a short distance away who had not fled their blasted gun emplacement. "No harm will come to you," promised the officer. "We know you are not regular soldiers."

TANAKA
RYOSABURO
MAJ. GEN.
No 1329
4/1/47
HONG KONG

COURTESY NATHAN M. GREENFIELD/LAC

Below: Tanaka Ryosaburo, a major general in the Japanese army, was executed for war crimes following World War II.

Since they had no reason to doubt these words, the volunteers came out with their hands raised in surrender. Within minutes, Lieutenant Aksimus Kishi's men began plunging their bayonets into the prisoners. The dead and dying were then tossed into pits. Among them were Ts'o Him Chi and Cham Yam Kwong, who played possum after being bayoneted and later crawled to safety. It's likely that Royal Rifles Sergeant John Cuzner, whose body was found not far away with his wrists bound with barbed wire, was bayoneted at about this time.

General Maltby's official report speaks of "confused fighting," an anodyne term for the series of "penny packet" attacks undertaken chiefly by the Canadians over the next few days. In a vain attempt to prevent the Japanese from splitting the island, the Grenadiers climbed Jardine's Lookout near dawn on December 19 while elements of the Rifles tried to garrison Mount Parker and Mount Butler. Within hours, eighty-four Canadians were dead, including Sergeant-Major John Osborn.

Osborn had taken charge of about sixty-five Grenadiers at Jardine's Lookout. When hand grenades were thrown at his group, Osborn and his soldiers responded by picking them up and flinging them back at the enemy. At one point, a grenade landed that could not be thrown back in time. After shouting a warning, Osborn threw himself over it, thus saving the lives of seven men. He was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross, the highest award for military valour in the British Commonwealth — and Canada's first in the Second World War.

Meanwhile, on the lookout, Lieutenant George Birkett, his blood soaking through his uniform, rallied his men around a pillbox filled with wounded soldiers. A shell obliterated them. As Birkett and other men died the horrible — but expected — deaths of combat, Captain Martin Banfill, a Canadian medical officer who commanded the advanced dressing station at the Salesian Mission, located in the hills just south of where the Japanese landed, witnessed other kinds of death — the horrific killings of medical staff and their patients.

Realizing the Japanese were about to storm the building, Banfill yelled for the nurses to run for it. Colonel Ryosaburo Tanaka's men burst in moments later. The Red Cross flag flying over the building meant nothing to them, nor did the Red Cross identity cards, which the Japanese soldiers stomped on. An interpreter named Honda told Banfill, "We have instructions from our commander-in-chief. You all must die." Two wounded Rajputs in an ambulance were bayoneted. Chinese nurses were raped. Male prisoners, including two Riflemen, were marched away, bayoneted, and thrown into a storm ditch.

In one case, a Royal Army medic survived being slashed in the neck by a would-be samurai's blade. Banfill was told he would be interrogated, then beheaded. But later, after a surreal discussion with Honda about Canadian geography and Christian theology — Honda had been schooled at a Christian mission in Tokyo — the interpreter spared Banfill's life. The doctor went on to spend the rest of the war as a POW, then returned to Canada, where he taught anatomy at McGill University and lived to be ninety-nine.

On December 19, the Japanese pushed further south toward Stanley and westward toward Victoria on the northwest side of the island. Caught behind enemy lines and badly wounded, Grenadier Tom Marsh surrendered and was taken to a twenty-by-ten-metre hut, in which, he wrote, "was gathered all the misery of military defeat."

The hut was crammed with prisoners. Many were wounded. Some were dead. "The floor literally ran with blood," Marsh wrote in his memoirs. "There was not enough room in which to lie down, so closely were we packed. Most sat huddled in attitudes of despair with their knees drawn up."

There was no food, no water, and no medical care. "A few of the prisoners tried to help a comrade or an immediate neighbour but most of us stayed huddled, awaiting we knew not what," wrote Marsh. "It was now high noon and the sun was hot in the sky. The place was thick with flies pestering the wounded."

Japan had not ratified the Geneva Convention before hostilities broke out. However, it had accepted Argentina's offer to be the "protecting power" for any future British or Canadian POWs. Thus it was seen as having implicitly accepted the convention and its requirement to provide prompt medical treatment, food, and water to prisoners; none of these were provided.

Geneva also called for prisoners to be held in safe places. However, the placement of a field gun near the hut effectively turned the "black hole of Hong Kong" into a giant human shield. Marsh heard the shells exploding nearby as British gunners sought out the Japanese gun. One shell hit the roof. Marsh and some others survived, partly because they were packed so closely together that their comrades' bodies, including Grenadier lieutenants (and brothers) William and Eric Mitchell, absorbed the force of the blast.

At about the same time these men suffered and died, Royal Rifles Sergeant Major George MacDonnell led his platoon through a water catchment north from Stanley toward Gauge Basin, where they ambushed a large Japanese troop and then barely escaped down the catchment alive. On the morning of December 21, a company of Grenadiers tried to dislodge the Japanese from Mount Nicholson in the middle

A chaplain under fire

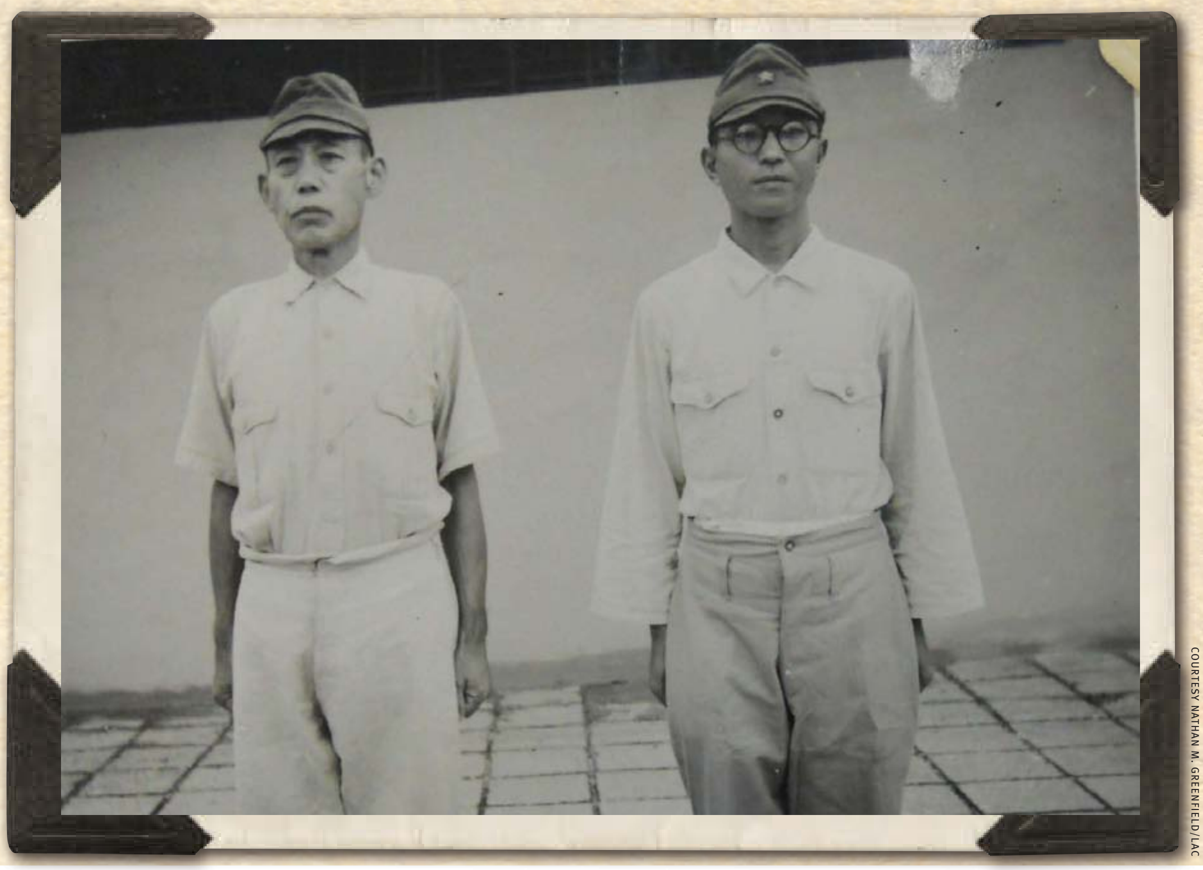
On December 22, 1942, at the Wong Nei Chong Gap, Canadian Chaplain Uriah Laite was in a makeshift pillbox filled with about thirty wounded soldiers when the Japanese approached. The Grenadiers had managed to hold out against attackers for three days but had run out of food, water, and ammunition. With no further defence possible, a wounded officer stepped out of the shelter to surrender.

In accordance with the Geneva Convention, just before the surrender, Laite, who had tirelessly tended to the wounded, threw all of the weapons out of the pillbox's window.

"Immediately after our surrender I was led out and searched," Laite wrote in his diary. "Through their interpreter they learned that I was a chaplain — or minister, as he called me. I showed them my Bible and field dressings and told them that my duties were with the wounded. I had made a complete list of our casualties in my notebook. They took it and my pencil. I asked for water for my wounded, which they readily gave me, but watched closely as I gave each chap an allowance...

JACK HAWES

"On my return from questioning I realized that the walking might have a chance, and said, 'Boys, if any of you can walk, for God's sake do so.'" Three Canadians and two British soldiers too badly wounded to walk were left behind in the shelter and never seen again. Laite himself spent the rest of the war as a POW and returned to Canada after the war. He was awarded the Military Cross for his actions.



COURTESY NATHAN M. GREENFIELD/LAC

Above: Colonel Esao Tokunaga, left, commander-in-chief of Japan's Hong Kong POW camps, stands beside his adjutant, Lieutenant Tanaka, following their capture.

of the island. It was a futile effort that ended badly. Private Keith Lewrie fell when a bullet cut through his brain. Lance Corporal Charles Edgley died in agony after two bullets pierced his stomach. They were among nineteen Grenadiers who perished on the mountain's slopes.

Later that day, the Royal Rifles were pushed off the hills north of Stanley, at a cost of seven more Canadians. A shell turned Corporal Joseph "Little Joe" Fitzpatrick into "pink mist." By late on December 21, the Japanese had isolated the garrison at Stanley in the southeast and reached the bays south of the middle of the island. The next day, Japanese pushed west to mop up the last resistance in the Wong Nei Chong Gap, and then drove the Rifles off Stanley Mound and Sugar Loaf Hill.

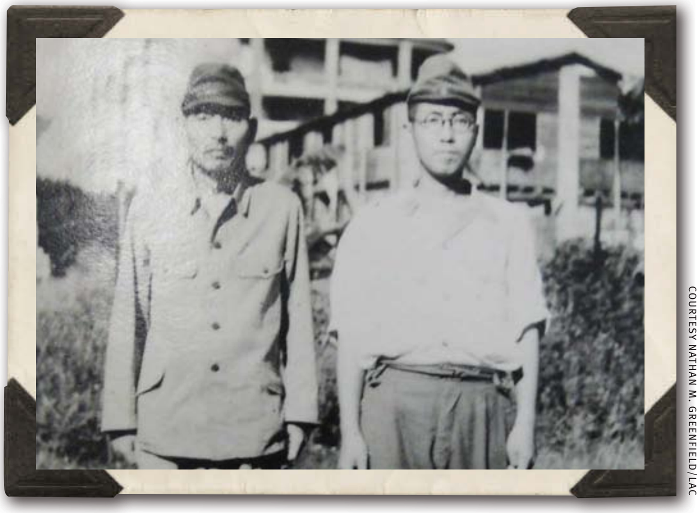
Perched above Deep Water Bay were two mansions in which a couple dozen British and Canadian soldiers had taken shelter. At dawn on December 23, the Japanese ignored the white flag fluttering over Overbays House and attacked.

The first soldier burst through the door spraying fire with his machine gun. An interpreter who had arranged for the surrender was soon pinioned to the door with bayonets. A Japanese soldier climbed the stairs, kicked in a door, and fired his machine gun, while those behind him tossed in hand grenades.

A few unwounded men threw the slow-timed grenades out the window, but one exploded, blasting shrapnel into Royal Canadian Ordnance Corpsman Leslie Canivet's jaw. The Japanese fled the house, returning a few minutes later to pour gasoline around it and set it alight. Canivet and a few others managed to jump out a window, the screams of their dying comrades trailing behind them.

The deaths at Eucliff Castle were no less horrific. British and Canadian soldiers were beaten before being lined up on the top of a grassy bank and shot. Twenty-eight Allied soldiers died at the castle.

Outgunned and outnumbered, Governor Sir Mark Young surrendered on Christmas Day, but not before many more had died. Twenty-five Royal Rifles died and seventy-five were wounded in a hopeless attack north of Stanley ordered by British Brigadier Cedric Wallis. Wallis ordered the assault even though he knew surrender was imminent,



COURTESY NATHAN M. GREENFIELD/LAC

Bottom right: Japanese army interpreter Niimori Genichiro, right, was sentenced to fifteen years. Medical officer Saito Shunkichi was sentenced to hang, but his sentence was communted to twenty years.

and he then flirted with a Strangelovian fantasy that included blowing up Stanley Fort.

Just to the north, St. Stephen's College Hospital was attacked in what was among the most ghastly and inhumane incidents of the battle. The Japanese murdered wounded soldiers in their beds; Rifleman Sidney Skeleton survived only because despite his anaesthetic-befogged mind he found the wherewithal to roll under his bed and play dead. Colonel Tanaka's soldiers gang-raped nurses on mattresses thrown upon the corpses of the slaughtered patients.The nurses were then killed and their bodies mutilated. All this was done by soldiers whose pocket-sized field manual, the *Senjinkun*, ordered them to "show kindness to those who surrender."

A month after Hong Kong fell, Tokyo issued a statement saying that in dealing with Allied POWs it would abide by the Geneva Convention. Less than two weeks later, after learning that dysentery had broken out in the POW camps in Hong Kong, London signalled Tokyo that failure to allow the Red Cross or Argentina to verify the condition of the POWs would be taken as proof that they were being mistreated. Tokyo ignored the message.

At the end of February, a cable from Vincent Massey, Canada's High Commissioner in London, spoke of "studied barbarism" in the running of the camps. By then, most men had lost more than twenty pounds and many were showing the first signs of avitaminosis that would soon lead to the excruciating pain of "electric feet," the swelling of wet beriberi and temporary blindness. Dysentery was widespread — sufferers lay in their own waste on concrete floors.

On March 10, 1942, Sir Anthony Eden told the British House of Commons, "The Japanese claim that their forces are animated by a lofty code of chivalry, *bushido*, is a nauseating hypocrisy." When diphtheria broke out later in the year at Shamshuipo POW camp in Hong Kong, the camps' medical officer, Dr. Saito Shunkichi, preferred slapping Allied medical officers — as punishment for allowing their patients to die — to releasing life-saving serum looted from Allied stores. About a hundred Canadians lost their lives as a result.

COURTESY ADRIENNE CLARKSON

Above: Adrienne Poy (later Clarkson) with her parents Ethel and William, and her brother Neville, 1942.

Hong Kong refugee family flourished in Canada

Among the families caught in the Battle of Hong Kong was that of Australian-born William Poy, an ethnic Chinese businessman and trade representative for the Canadian government. Poy was also a lance corporal with the Hong Kong Volunteers and received the Military Medal for his bravery during the battle. For a time he sheltered his wife, Ethel, and his two children — six-year-old Neville and two-year-old Adrienne — in the motorcycle dispatch rider's basement.

After six months, the family gained safe passage to Canada as refugees. Poy's son Neville went on to become a plastic surgeon whose research helped trauma victims and earned him the honour of being made an officer of the Order of Canada. He is also the Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel of the Queen's York Rangers.

Poy's daughter Adrienne, meanwhile, grew up to become Adrienne Clarkson, Canada's twenty-sixth Governor General. During her installation speech in 1999, Clarkson referred to her family's flight to safety: "To have been brought up by courageous and loving parents was a gift that made up for all we had lost."

After the war, Prime Minister MacKenzie King's government in Ottawa was lukewarm to the idea of war crimes trials, citing the problem of *ex post facto* law — laws created after the fact. In the end, however, prosecutors were appointed to serve in Hong Kong and in Japan. Canada's chief prosecutor in Hong Kong, Major George Puddicombe, was assiduous in collecting evidence against Japanese officers, soldiers, and camp guards.

The National Archives contains files that list dozens of separate beatings in Hong Kong and Japan. But many incidents — such as that involving Canadian Signalman Georges "Blacky" Verreault, who was forced to do push-ups over a shovel of burning coals — did not make it into the official record.

The massacres at the Salesian Mission and at St. Stephen's Hospital were central in convicting both Lieutenant General Ito Takeo and Major General Tanaka. Puddicombe, who had been a Crown attorney in Vancouver, convinced the military tribunal that Takeo was also responsible for the killing of British troops taken prisoner near the Repulse Bay Hotel. Takeo received a twelve-year sentence.

Tanaka's defence argued that he could not have been responsible for war crimes because (a) he had told his men to treat POWs correctly and (b) he had lectured them on their Geneva responsibilities before they went into battle in China. The court, however, disregarded Tanaka's courteous manner and his statement that "no civilians or soldiers were executed at the Salesian Mission." Banfill's testimony was central to convicting Tanaka, who received a twenty-year sentence.

Medical officer Saito Shunkichi and Colonel Esao Tokunaga, commandant of the Shamshuipo POW camp, were convicted of failing to provide medicine and sufficient food. Shunkichi's death sentence was commuted to twenty years, while Tokunaga was sentenced to death.

Tokunaga faced an additional charge of compelling POWs to sign a pledge saying they would not escape, which contravened the Geneva Convention's recognition that POWs have a duty to try to escape.

On August 19, 1942, Grenadier Sergeant John Payne led the one escape by Canadians. A few days earlier, the twenty-three-year-old wrote a letter to his mother saying playfully that, "just in case I shouldn't make it, you must remember that according to our beliefs I have departed for a much nicer place, although it will grieve me to exchange the guitar for a harp."

Payne and three other Grenadiers clambered over the roof of Shamshuipo's hospital and found their way to a boat, which capsized. After being fished out of the water, they were turned over to the Kempetai, the Japanese secret police, who beat them with baseball bats before tying their hands with barbed wire and killing them.

Puddicombe's failure to find these Grenadiers' remains appears to have haunted him. He refers to the hill on which he believed them to have been buried, and on which he erected a small marker memorializing them, as "that terrible Golgotha."

Over the course of a year beginning in early 1942, more than 1,100 Canadian POWs were sent to Japan to be slave labourers. They were crammed into ships' holds so tightly that they could not all sit down at once. They were given little food and water and by the end of their journeys were covered in feces and vomit. But no war crimes charges were laid against those who organized and ran these hell ships.

Similarly, no one was charged for the hundreds of men who were forced to labour at back-breaking work — carrying away baskets of dirt at the airport in Hong Kong, unloading grain, or toiling in coal mines, shipyards, and factories. On many days they had only a handful of rice or watery soup to sustain them. Some men ate grasshoppers.

Ottawa had ordered that charges only be laid in cases of death or permanent injury. Thus, Lieutenant Kosaku Hazama, the commandant of Oeyema POW camp, where prisoners worked at a nickel mine, was found guilty of allowing beatings and the theft of Red Cross parcels. The small amount of food the parcels contained often made the difference between blindness and sight — or life and death. The unassuming-looking former economics professor was sentenced to fifteen years of hard labour.

At another camp, Niigata, the work was excruciating. Rifleman Jean-Paul Dallain worked ten hours a day swinging a sledgehammer just steps away from a white hot furnace — he witnessed another POW doing similarly hard work lay down and die. Another Rifleman, Ken Cambon, pushed huge hoppers filled with coal up a railway incline. In his spare time, the future Vancouver physician risked a severe beating for hiding and furtively reading *A Pocket Book of Verse*.

Kanao Inouye after his capture in 1945.

COURTESY NATHAN M. GREENFIELD/LAC

The notorious Kamloops Kid

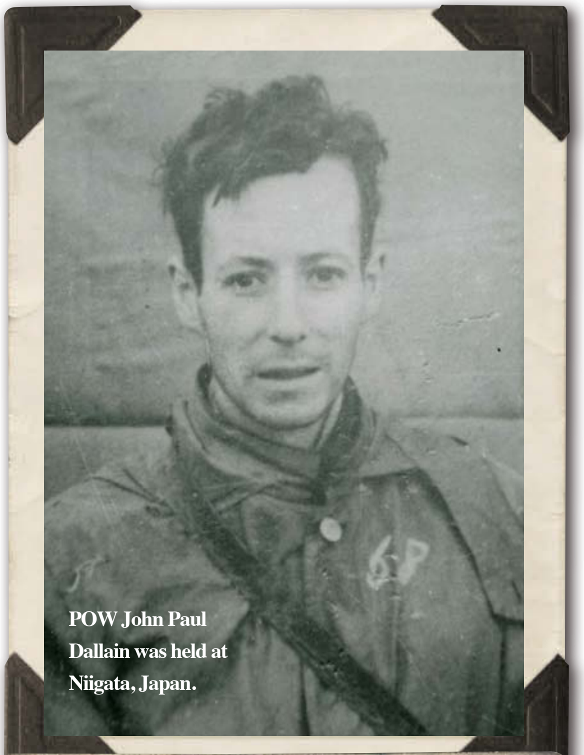
In April 1947, Kanao Inouye stood before a judge and called out, "My mind and body belong to the Japanese emperor!" The words were uttered not by a Japanese war criminal but by a Canadian. Inouye was born and raised in Kamloops, British Columbia, which explains one sobriquet: the "Kamloops Kid"; the other, "Slap Happy," came from the fact that he was a sadistic torturer.

When the war broke out, Inouye had been studying in Japan. In 1942 he was drafted into the Japanese army. Because of his perfect English, he was sent to Shamshuipo POW camp in Hong Kong, where he became known for his cruelty.

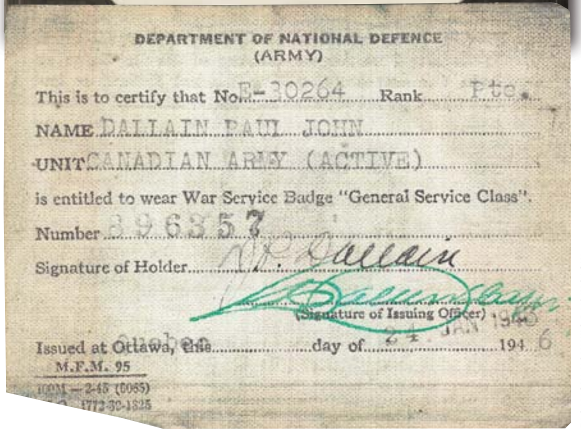
Inouye tortured Grenadier Jim Murray by tying him to a pole, taping his mouth shut, and shoving burning cigarettes into his nose. On December 21, 1942, he slapped and kicked Captain J.A. Norris and Major F. T. Atkinson when they did not appear quickly enough for a roll call. He told his former countrymen that all Canadians would soon be slaves and "Your wives and sisters will be raped by our soldiers and anyone resisting will be shot."

The military tribunal discounted his claim that he was only an interpreter at the POW camp, and later for the secret police, and found him guilty of war crimes.

However, he appealed, arguing that the International War Crimes court could not try him because he was a British subject. Telegrams shot back and forth between Hong Kong and Ottawa concerning Inouye's citizenship. If Inouye's lawyers thought establishing that he was a Canadian would save his life, they were mistaken. He was tried again, this time for treason. He was found guilty and hanged. Inouye's last word was "banzai!"



POW John Paul Dallain was held at Niigata, Japan.



DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE
(ARMY)

This is to certify that No. E-30264 Rank Pte.
NAME DALLAIN PAUL JOHN
UNIT CANADIAN ARMY (ACTIVE)
is entitled to wear War Service Badge "General Service Class".
Number 396357
Signature of Holder P. Dallain
(Signature of Issuing Officer) 24 JAN 1946
Issued at Ottawa, this Quebec day of 24 194 6
M.F.M. 95
100M—2-45 (6065)
1772-39-1825

HISTORICA-DOMINION INSTITUTE

A number of guards at Niigata were tried for mistreating or causing the deaths of prisoners. Guard Katsayaru Sato was sentenced to forty years for the torture and murder of Rifleman James Mortimore, who, after being accused of stealing a tin of bully beef, was tied to a post barefoot in the snow. He was kept there for ten days, during which time he was beaten repeatedly. Mortimore's feet and legs turned black and he died an agonizing death from gangrene in April 1944.

The defence team for guard Kanemeso Uchida argued that the many mistreatments he issued with his fist, sword, or stick "were only the result of age old Japanese customs" and common in the Imperial Japanese Army. While true, war crimes judges disregarded this point and sentenced Uchida to death. In late 1946, two other guards, Hyoichi Okuda and Takeo Takahashi, were sentenced to thirty-three and fifteen years respectively.

Few Canadians were aware of the Japanese war crime trials, in part because much of the attention of the public was focused on what was happening in Europe after the war ended. For instance, in December 1945, Canadians were transfixed by the trial of S.S. Brigadeführer Kurt Meyer for the massacre of forty-one Canadians in the days following D-Day.

The Meyer trial was part of the unmasking of the horror of the Third Reich. And Meyer's trial by a Canadian court, made it "our story," as it were. The trials in Hong Kong and Japan, by contrast, took place under British and American auspices. Furthermore, the Pacific War was perceived as an American show.

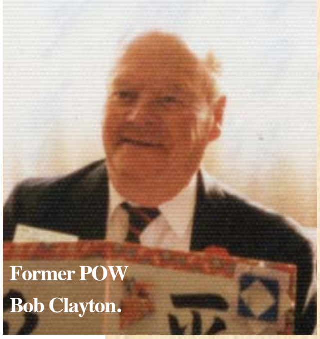
What Count Galeazzo Ciano famously observed of politicians and generals — "Victory has a thousand fathers, defeat is an orphan" — applies also to nations. C-Force suffered a one-hundred-percent casualty rate. After the war, Canadians were simply not interested in the details of the defeat of Hong Kong and of the long years that followed.

Yet, as of this writing, these details remain the lived experience of some thirty Canadians.

A continuing battle

In the years immediately after the war, the surviving Hong Kong veterans tended to keep their stories to themselves. By the mid-1960s, as their terrible treatment as POWs began manifesting itself in a much higher than expected death rate among the middle-aged former prisoners, the Hong Kong Veterans Association of Canada was formed to lobby for better pensions, benefits, and compensation.

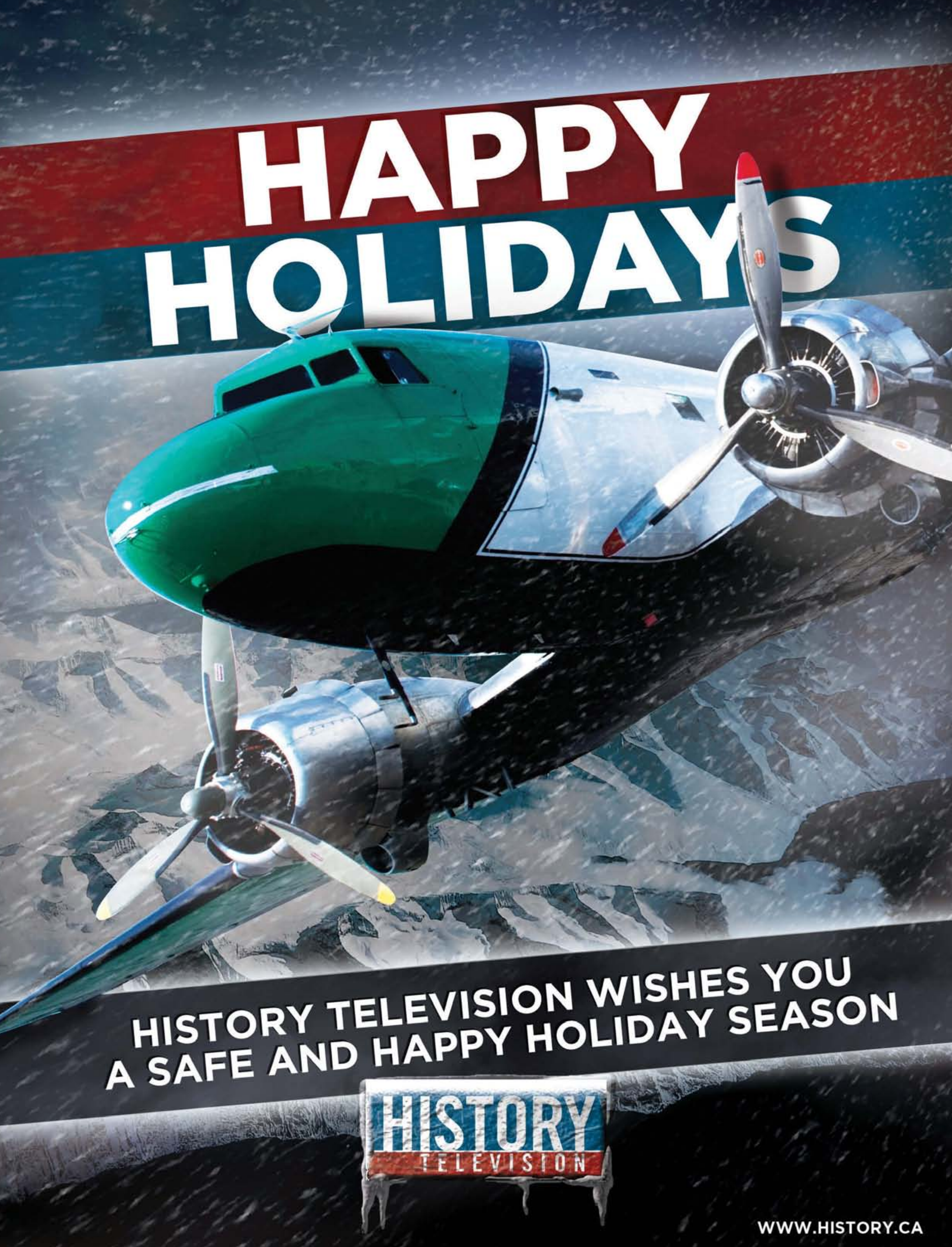
The effort to improve the lives of veterans — many still suffering the after-effects of malnutrition and tropical diseases — was a long, uphill fight. In 1971, the government of Canada granted a basic fifty-percent disability pension for "undetermined disabilities." It took almost thirty years of fighting the bureaucracy to get the disability pension raised to one hundred percent. In 1998, three hundred and fifty vets and four hundred widows received compensation from the government of Canada. The veterans still seek an apology from the government of Japan.



Former POW Bob Clayton.

HISTORICA-DOMINION INSTITUTE

Today, about thirty Canadian veterans of Hong Kong remain alive. But the sons and daughters of the veterans have taken up the task of preserving their legacy, forming the Hong Kong Veterans Commemorative Association, which continues the work of educating Canadians on the role of Canada's soldiers in the Battle of Hong Kong.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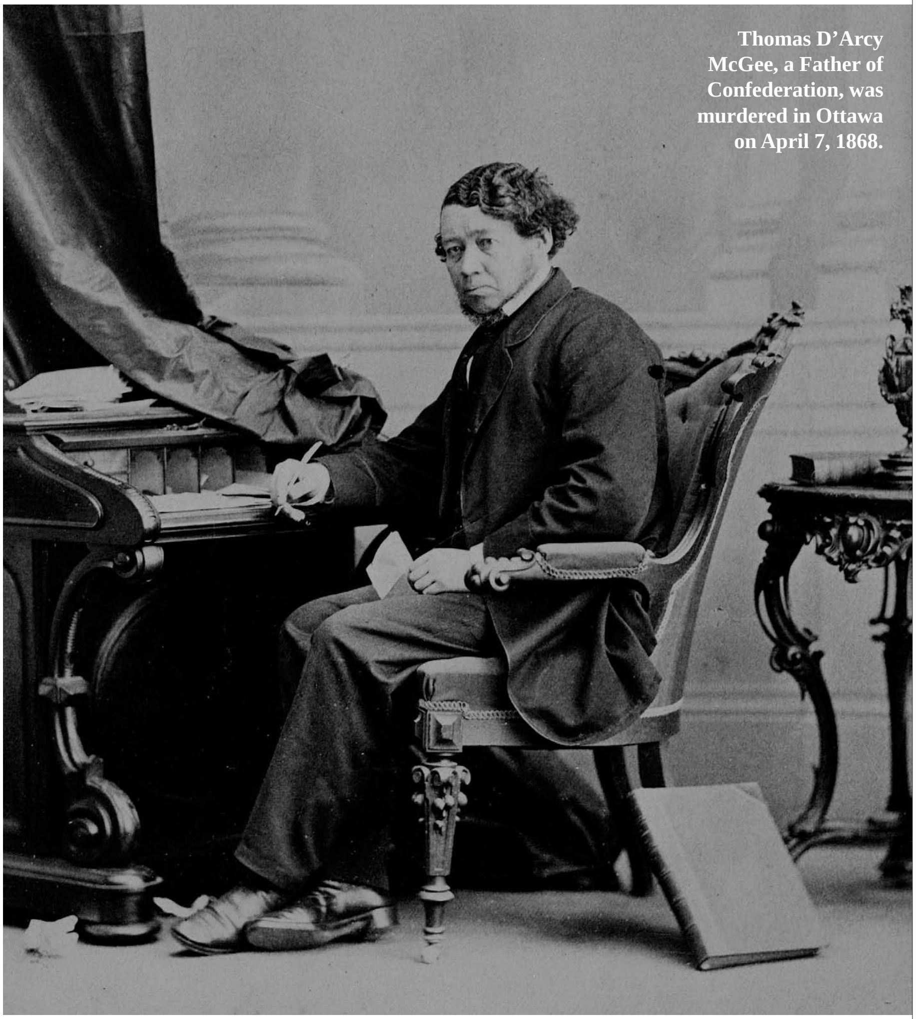
Who really killed D'Arcy McGee?

A new book on Canada's first political assassination makes the case the right man was convicted.



Thomas D'Arcy McGee, a Father of Confederation, was murdered in Ottawa on April 7, 1868.

CANADIAN PRESS

Late one night in 1868, someone put a bullet into D'Arcy McGee's head on Sparks Street in Ottawa. The shooting took place steps from the House of Commons, where Mcgee had just finished a rousing speech. In no time at all, Patrick James Whelan, an Irish Catholic tailor, was arrested, sentenced, and sent to the gallows. "They got to find me guilty yet," said Whelan defiantly.

McGee's murder was the new nation's first political assassination. But was "Jim" Whelan the first of Canada's wrongly convicted? Most of what I had always heard about his trial suggested he was. The witnesses were said to be liars. The evidence against him was circumstantial at best. McGee's friend the prime minister came and sat beside the judge on the trial bench. Fierce anti-Irish and anti-Catholic prejudices ruled, and the defendant's own lawyer was a prominent Protestant Orangeman. The idea that Whelan was a victim of a show trial and a judicial lynching has always been a big part of the McGee murder story.

Looks like it's time that story got a makeover. David A. Wilson, a Toronto professor of celtic studies, has just completed a ten-year project to write the life of D'Arcy McGee, "the greatest Irishman in Canadian history," and his two-volume work has been called "one of the great historical biographies of our time." This fall Wilson wrapped up his story with what must be the authoritative account of the murder and the trial. Whelan? Well, Whelan does not come out so well.

McGee's great campaigns in his last years were for Confederation and against Fenianism. He promised his Irish-Canadian compatriots that peaceful progress and Confederation would give them a full and fair place in Canadian society. But Fenians stood for "physical force" nationalism — a terrorist campaign against British rule in Ireland and British institutions in Canada. McGee insisted nothing could be worse for Irish Canadians.

That fight made McGee unpopular among some of his own constituency and eroded his political capital; he had a hard time getting elected in the first election after Confederation. For a long time his stand put him on the wrong side of history, too. Irish fighters against the British oppressor have often had a glow of romance cast over them, with all those rousing songs about the wearing of the green. Legends of the "wild geese" and the Easter martyrs helped sell the Fenians and even their heirs in the Irish Republican Army and the Provos as heroic resisters, not lethal killers. And who says Whelan was a Fenian, went the story, just because he despised the British as a loyal Irishman should?

"He was deep in those circles," David Wilson told me recently. Wilson demolishes Whelan's claim that he was a loyal subject of Queen Victoria, leaving little doubt that Whelan was intimately involved in Canadian networks dedicated to armed violence. Whelan's brother in Ireland was a convicted Fenian. All his Montreal and Ottawa companions were Fenians too, and he himself had been committed to the cause for years. And the Fenian threat, says Wilson, was not just from American Irish soldiers fresh from the American Civil War — domestic Canadian Fenianism was no comic-opera farce. "Fenianism within Canada is a great untold story," Wilson says, "and there is a goldmine of information on it." Indeed, he's planning his next book on that subject.

What about the murder trial of Patrick James Whelan? "I loved writing that part," says Wilson. "If this witness was lying, what does that say about this other witness's evidence? It was like three-dimensional chess." Wilson concludes it was "a hard-fought trial," well short of today's courtroom standards, but not the bigoted railroading that legend has made it to be. Whelan got a vigorous and professional defence, and at the time no one found it odd that when a prime minister visited a courtroom, he was given a place of honour. One of Whelan's defenders considered John A Macdonald's presence a moderating influence.

Clearly there was dubious testimony from both sides, but evidence showing that Whelan and his friends in Montreal and Ottawa stalked McGee, guns barely concealed, is compelling. Then there's the pistol and the bullet.

Wilson explores in fascinating detail modern forensic studies of the bullet that killed McGee and the pistol found on Whelan. The bullet is a good match for the gun, the gun had been freshly fired, Whelan had the gun, and …. It's not final or ironclad, but Wilson makes clear that Whelan had the weapon, the motive, the means, and the opportunity. If he was not the assassin, he must have been standing right beside him. The case for Whelan's innocence seems as dead as D'Arcy McGee.

Wilson compares McGee to Canadian Sikhs and Muslims of recent times who, sometimes at the risk of their lives, have stood up for tolerance and legal political action against extremist tendencies in their own communities. In recent years, Ireland seems finally to have rejected decisively the cult of political violence associated with the Fenians and the IRA. And it seems fair to conclude that when Canada executed Patrick James Whelan early in 1869, no innocent man went to the gallows. Case closed.

D'Arcy McGee: The Extreme Moderate 1857-1868, the second volume of David A. Wilson's biography, was published by McGill Queen's Press in the fall of 2011. Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *Canada's History*.

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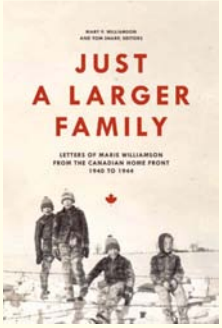
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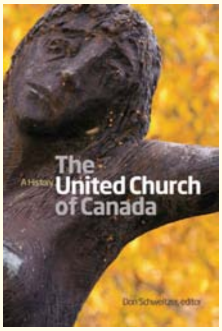
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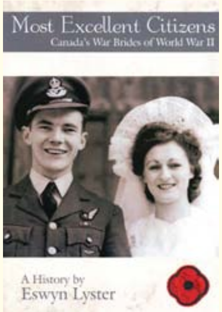

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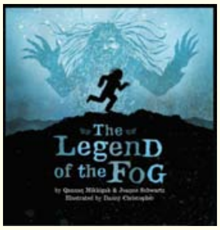
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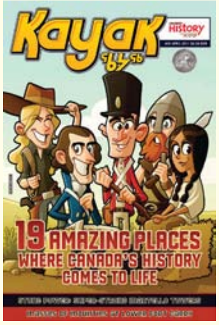
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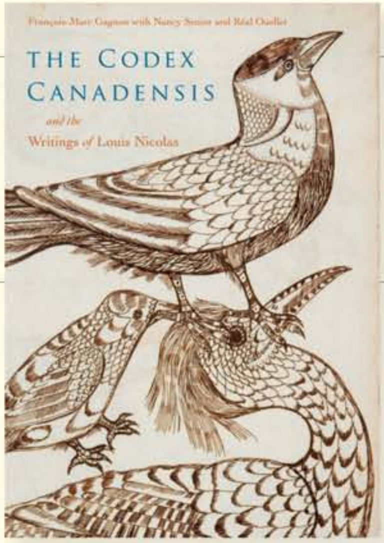
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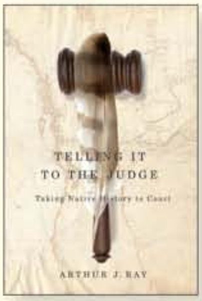
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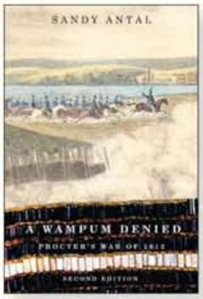
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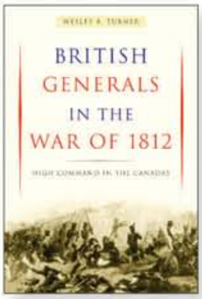
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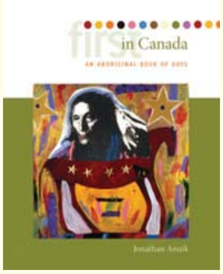

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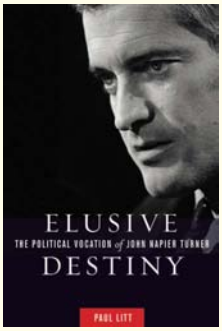

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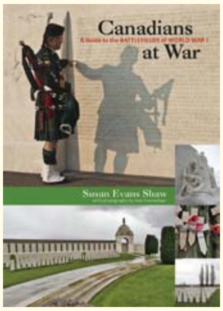

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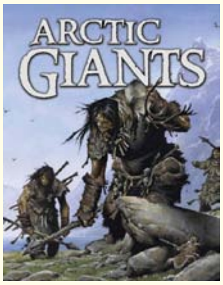

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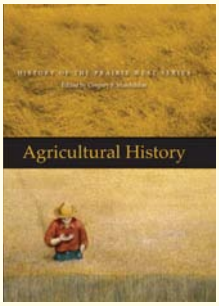

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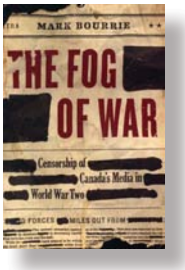


DEFENDING THE LINES

The Fog of War:
Censorship of Canada's Media in World War Two
by Mark Bourrie
Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver, 2011
334 pp., illus., $32.95 hardcover

The first casualty of war is the truth, or so goes the saying. But what about the Second World War, where 1.1 million Canadians were in uniform and almost no sector of society was untouched by the war effort? In a war against Hitler's evil regime, did Canadians need to be protected from enemy propaganda or morale-damaging news?

Without a doubt, according to Mark Bourrie's *The Fog of War*. While this new offering found its birth as a University of Ottawa Ph.D. dissertation, Bourrie is an experienced journalist who has published nine other books and countless articles in newspapers and magazines. He knows how to tell a good story, and this book is far removed from the usually arcane dissertations of academia.

Throughout Canada's war that raged from 1939 to 1945, there was a tension between the media aching to expose a good story and the need for secrecy to avoid abetting the enemy, either through the sharing of vital information or by dampening Canadian morale. Most journalists understood that reporting on the departure times of troop ships or highlighting despair over casualties was crossing the line, but there was a broad grey area where the media was forced to police itself.

There were also the official English and French censors, who had varying degrees of success in watering down stories, softening messages, and acting as a liaison with a military that often sought to clamp down on all journalists. However, the tight control of press stories often created a vacuum, such as with the sinking of merchant ships in the St. Lawrence in 1942, which then led to wild and dangerous rumours that were even harder to suppress.

Quebec papers were especially reluctant to follow Ottawa's guidelines, with *Le Devoir* printing pro-fascist and anti-war articles, and even a shocking series of letters early in the war by none other than German dictator Adolf Hitler. "This news that Canada declares war on me has caused me great sorrow," someone at *Le Devoir* wrote maliciously under Hitler's name. "What in the world has urged the government of His Very Canadian Majesty to declare war on me?"

This was more than rubbish; it was dangerous. But even as the censors recommended imprisonment and even closing down the paper, Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King and his powerful French-Canadian ministers balked at the potential political backlash. Nothing was done.

There were other questionable cover-ups, especially the muzzling of the press and political opponents by the King government over the Hong Kong Royal Commission, which was a farce that protected the government from blame in sending Canadian soldiers to that doomed outpost.

Despite the censorship, the journalists usually found a way to get the story out, and in Canada — a democratic nation fighting in a war for liberal rights — freedom of speech was fiercely guarded.

Specialists in media and the Second World War will benefit greatly from this book, but more general readers may have to fill in some of the war narrative with other sources, since many of the chapters are based on case studies. That said, Bourrie writes well and has researched deeply; he has filled many holes in the nation's wartime history and has given us a new perspective on "all the news that's fit to print," as well as on that which was censored, killed, or distorted in the name of victory.

Reviewed by **Tim Cook**, the author of five books, including The Madman and the Butcher: *The Sensational Wars of Sam Hughes and General Arthur Currie* (Allen Lane, 2010).

More Books

COWBOY CAVALRY

The Cowboy Cavalry: The Story of the Rocky Mountain Rangers
by Gordon E. Tolton
Heritage House, Victoria, B.C., 2011
264 pp., $22.95 paperback

When one comes across the phrase "Northwest Rebellion of 1885," connections are usually drawn to Saskatchewan and Manitoba in terms of geography and to Louis Riel, Gabriel Dumont, Big Bear, and Poundmaker in terms of people.

There is, however, a less widely known episode that occurred in southern Alberta that fateful early summer. Over a three-month period, paranoia fuelled by propaganda had led to the creation of a small armed militia with instructions to defend their homesteads, whatever the cost. Comprised of frontiersmen, ex-Mounties, ex-convicts, and ranchers, this ragtag bunch was known as the Rocky Mountain Rangers.

The first part of Gordon E. Tolton's *The Cowboy Cavalry* sets up the context that led to the creation of this volunteer militia. Tolton does an excellent job of explaining the strategic positions held by the leaders of the Blackfoot, Blood, and Peigan First Nations — respectively, Crowfoot, Red Crow, and Eagle Tail Feather — and why Riel's fight was not necessarily their fight. The distinctions and varying motivations among the First Nations were somewhat lost on the ranchers, who allowed themselves to get carried away by the sentiments of the day; they were also shackled by snail's-pace communications.

The book's second part provides greater detail about the distribution of arms and troop movements, which is fine for military enthusiasts; for the rest of us, the middle chapters may feel like a hard and bumpy road.

In the end, the skirmish was much ado about nothing. The local First Nations were not convinced that Riel and Dumont's rebellion was in their best interest and they let the opportunity pass. The rangers encountered little "action," but were nonetheless welcomed home with the same fanfare as conquering heroes.

Was there a loser? My vote would be for Major John Stewart, the man who negotiated government funding for the rangers, but was left paying part of the tab when Riel was safely executed, paranoia had subsided, and government purse strings were drawn tight.

—**Tanja Hütter**

The Making of Modern Medicine: Turning Points in the Treatment of Disease
by Michael Bliss
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2010
112 pp., illus., $21.95 hardcover

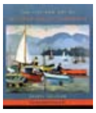
It's hard to imagine a time when Labatt's beer was marketed as a cure for smallpox, or when the best treatment available for diabetes was starvation. Yet, as Michael Bliss reminds us in his latest book, that time was not all that long ago.

In *The Making of Modern Medicine*, Bliss identifies three key turning points in medical history—Montreal's 1885 smallpox epidemic, the rise of John Hopkins Hospital and University, and the discovery of insulin — and he masterfully illuminates the broader trends and changes in the field that got us to where we are today.

The book is barely one hundred pages long, and Bliss's engaging style makes it an easy single-sitting read. Readers will inevitably pause, however, during Bliss's provocative epilogue, where he considers the "ironies and contradictions" of modern health care and leads one to question the whole notion of progress.

Bliss's work will be equally appealing to those with an introductory or an advanced knowledge of Canadian medical history. Even the queasiest of us will have no problem reading this compelling and thought-provoking book.

—**Joanna Dawson**



The Life and Art of Mildred Valley Thornton
by Sheryl Salloum
Mother Tongue Publishing,
Salt Spring Island, B.C., 2011
172 pp., illus., $35.95 paperback

A prodigious artist, Mildred Valley Thornton devoted much of her life to painting portraits of the indigenous peoples of Western Canada — approximately three hundred

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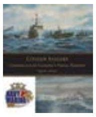
of them — as well as their icons and the region's landscape.

At a time when a women's profession was to stay at home and look after her husband and children, Thornton noted that she was driven to paint "as if someone were standing over me with a whip." She did marry — a husband who was supportive of her career and who took care of their twin sons and domestic chores while Thornton went on painting trips.

The Life and Art of Mildred Valley Thornton is the fourth book in The Unheralded Artists of BC series. Thornton never accomplished her desire of having her collection of First Nations portraits purchased by a Canadian gallery or museum, but it is nice now to see much of her work brought together in book form.

The images in this book are as vibrant and fascinating as author Sheryl Salloum's descriptions of the artist's personality. It gives us a record not only of Thornton's life but also of the legacy she left regarding the history of Canada and its people — she recorded aspects that would otherwise be largely forgotten today.

— Beverley Tallon



Citizen Sailors: Chronicles of Canada's Naval Reserve 1910–2010
edited by Richard H. Gimblett and Michael L. Hadley
Dundurn, Toronto, 2010
269 pp., illus., $39.95 hardcover

Canada's Naval Reserve has played an important role in sustaining our maritime presence over the past century. From rapid expansion in wartime to more peaceful roles in the postwar period, the Naval Reserve has provided Canada's navy with men and women willing to answer the call of duty.

Citizen Sailors is an edited volume that documents the rich history of these men and women. It includes special chapters exploring every aspect of the Naval Reserve's history, including a unique look at the Newfoundland Royal Naval Reserve that operated as part of the Royal Navy Reserve from 1900 to 1920 and whose recruits saw action throughout the First World War.

The well-illustrated volume also includes an index of Naval Reserve vessels and an index of the twenty-eight Naval Reserve divisions that have operated across Canada. For the thousands of Canadians who have walked through their halls and served in the reserves, and for the thousands of young Canadians that participate in cadet programs each year, this is a valuable resource.

— Joel Ralph

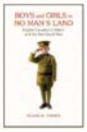
Retail Nation: Department Stores and the Making of Modern Canada
by Donica Belisle
University of British Columbia Press, Vancouver, 2011
320 pp., illus., $32.95 paperback

Donica Belisle's *Retail Nation* is a critical exploration of the role played by Canada's major national retailers in modernizing Canada during the period of 1890 to 1940.

Belisle offers a comparative look at the policies and practices of the Hudson's Bay Company, Eaton's, and Simpsons with respect to marketing, advertising, competition, and labour relations as well as their influence on Canadians' attitudes toward nationalism and consumerism.

Although she does much to deconstruct the myth of these titanic Canadian companies as nation builders, her book offers plenty of stories, photographs, illustrations, and reproductions to satisfy nostalgic readers who are interested in remembering the halcyon days of truly Canadian retail.

— Deborah Morrison



Boys and Girls in No Man's Land: English-Canadian Children and the First World War
by Susan R. Fisher
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2011
296 pp., illus., $29.95 paperback

Children leave poor historical records of their thoughts and actions, and so they are often forgotten by future historians.

Canada's Great War from 1914 to 1918 profoundly shaped the nation, leaving 60,000 dead and 172,000 wounded in body, mind,

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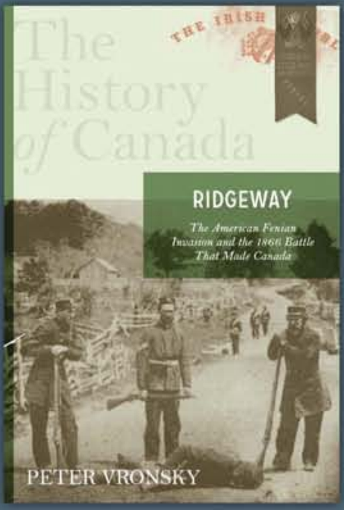
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The American Fenian Invasion and the 1866 Battle That Made Canada
PETER VRONSKY

RIDGEWAY

Ridgeway was the first modern battle fought by Canadians and the first battle fought by what was about to become the Canadian army. But the history has been so falsified that most Canadians have never heard of it.

Now, historian, investigative journalist, and filmmaker Peter Vronsky uncovers the truth about the Battle of Ridgeway in his riveting account of the invasion that made our nation.

General Editors: Margaret MacMillan and Robert Bothwell

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TheHistoryofCanada.ca

and spirit. On the home front, soldiers' families often suffered from their absence, death, or permanent maiming.

Susan R. Fisher's *Boys and Girls in No Man's Land* provides important insight into the children's war that inundated the classroom, the schoolyard, the church, and almost all aspects of society. Young Canadians were pressured to serve the war effort by raising money through patriotic endeavours, to darn socks for overseas soldiers, and even to act as recruiting sergeants for older siblings.

This is a specialized academic work with a focus on the surviving literary evidence, but it is well written and, at its heart, reminds us that millions of voiceless children were deeply affected by the trauma of war. One wonders about the scars they carried forward into the war's aftermath, and how this played out as their generation fought as adults in the next world war.

— **Tim Cook**

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Advancing Knowledge

Early Canadian Military Aircraft: Acquisitions, Dispositions, Colour Schemes & Markings: Volume 1: Aircraft Taken on Strength through 1920
by John A. Griffin and
Anthony L. Stachiw
Aviaeology, Kitchener, Ontario, 2010
296 pp., illus., $59 hardcover

The title of this hardcover book might seem a mouthful, but it indicates what a massive undertaking its production must have been.

Volume 1 is based on the first seven aircraft types that were adopted on strength by the Canadian Air Force in 1920. With a projected fifty-one more aircraft to come — which would take the series through to 1938 — the volumes could fill a small bookshelf.

The late aviation historian John Griffin started meticulously researching this subject. It was then taken over by Anthony Stachiw, who employed artist Andrew Tattersall to provide the line drawings and colour illustrations that grace the book's pages.

There are lots of statistics, facts, and figures that will appeal to the serious aviation buff. However, if you delve a little deeper, the text and photos give a glimpse into the lives and duties of the pioneers who flew the aircraft that helped to open up Canada and that subsequently developed the framework of the wartime RCAF.

The book ends with an interesting appendix full of air regulation documents and maps, plus scale drawings of aircraft, paint schemes, and markings — enough to make you want to build your own pre-World War II aircraft, or at least a model of one.

— **Beverley Tallon**

Battle for the Bay:
The Naval War of 1812
by Joshua M. Smith
Goose Lane, Fredericton, 2011
128 pp., illus., $16.95 paperback

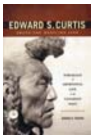
With the two hundredth anniversary of the War of 1812 quickly approaching, it's exciting to see the amount of new scholarship and publications that are bringing this important conflict back into the public eye.

Battle for the Bay by historian Joshua M. Smith explores the conflicted loyalties of maritime communities around the Bay of Fundy and along the northeastern United States coast. While the region was never a major theatre of the war, the naval skirmishes that took place are rich with interesting tales and stories.

Conflict consisted of littoral, or coastal, warfare through the foggy bays and inlets that define the area. American privateers who worked for profit were the main threat to the sleepy fishing villages along the Bay of Fundy, and the British response often involved locally crewed ships. Smith focuses on the story of the provincial ships *Brunswicker* and *Bream*, as well as the British brig HMS *Boxer*, which engaged in the area's greatest battle against the United States brig *Enterprise* in September 1813.

Smith's account is well researched, immensely readable, and another excellent addition to the growing New Brunswick Military Heritage series. Combined with clear maps and well-chosen artwork, this book provides the perfect starting point to a war enthusiast's driving expedition down the eastern seaboard.

—**Joel Ralph**

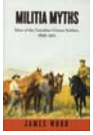


Edward S. Curtis:
Above the Medicine Line:
Portraits of Aboriginal Life in the Canadian West
by Rodger D. Touchie
Heritage House, Victoria, B.C., 2010
192 pp., illus., $19.95 paperback

The Medicine Line is the forty-ninth parallel that American Edward Curtis crossed each year as he travelled north to visit, study, photograph, film, and record the First Nations of Canada's West Coast and, on one journey, Alberta.

Rodger D. Touchie's *Edward S. Curtis: Above the Medicine Line* is a handsome volume that treats readers to some of Curtis's stunning black-and-white photography. As Touchie tells of Curtis's life and travels, the photographs offer compelling glimpses of landscapes and peoples that a century later seem both strangely present and remarkably foreign. You will want to linger over many of these extraordinary images.

—**Phil Koch**



Militia Myths: Ideas of the Canadian Citizen Solider, 1896–1921
by James Wood
University of British Columbia Press, Vancouver, 2011
364 pp., illus., $32.95 paperback

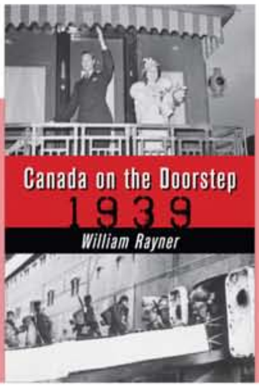
At key moments in Canada's past, average citizens have stepped forward to bear arms for their country. These militia units have fought proudly in numerous conflicts, from pre-Confederation to modern times.

In *Militia Myths: Ideas of the Canadian Citizen Soldier, 1896–1921*, University of Victoria history professor James Wood focuses his attention on a period of intense conflict that included the South African, or Boer War, and the First World War.

Wood examines how notions of patriotism and duty to one's country drove and inspired the average citizen soldier. He also probes the myth, prevalent at the time, that units comprised of volunteer citizen soldiers were preferable to professional troops; that somehow they made "better soldiers."

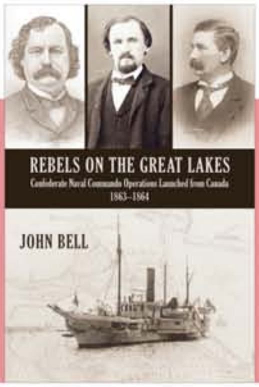
Finally, he seeks to discover how the crucible of World War I changed Canadians' views on the country's militia forces. "Whether we refer to it as an ideal or a myth, there is no doubt that Canadians have displayed a long-standing attachment to citizen soldiers, patriotic volunteers, and the amateur military tradition in general," Woods writes. In *Militia Myths*, the author does an admirable job in helping to explain why. Definitely worth a read for military history buffs, or for Canadians interested in what drove — and drives — average Canadians to fight for their country.

—**Mark Reid**



CANADA ON THE DOORSTEP
1939
by William Rayner

Canada was a different place in 1939: steak was 29 cents a pound and the king and queen crossed the Atlantic to entrance the entire country during a pivotal year when Canada wavered on the doorstep of a clouded future.


REBELS ON THE GREAT LAKES
Confederate Naval Commando Operations Launched from Canada
1863–1864
JOHN BELL

REBELS ON THE GREAT LAKES
Confederate Naval Commando Operations Launched from Canada, 1863-1864
by John Bell

Since the terrorist attacks of 9/11, a myth has persisted that the hijackers entered the United States from Canada. Nevertheless, there was a time — the U.S. Civil War — when assaults on America were launched from Canada, but the aggressors were mostly fellow Americans engaged in a secessionist struggle.

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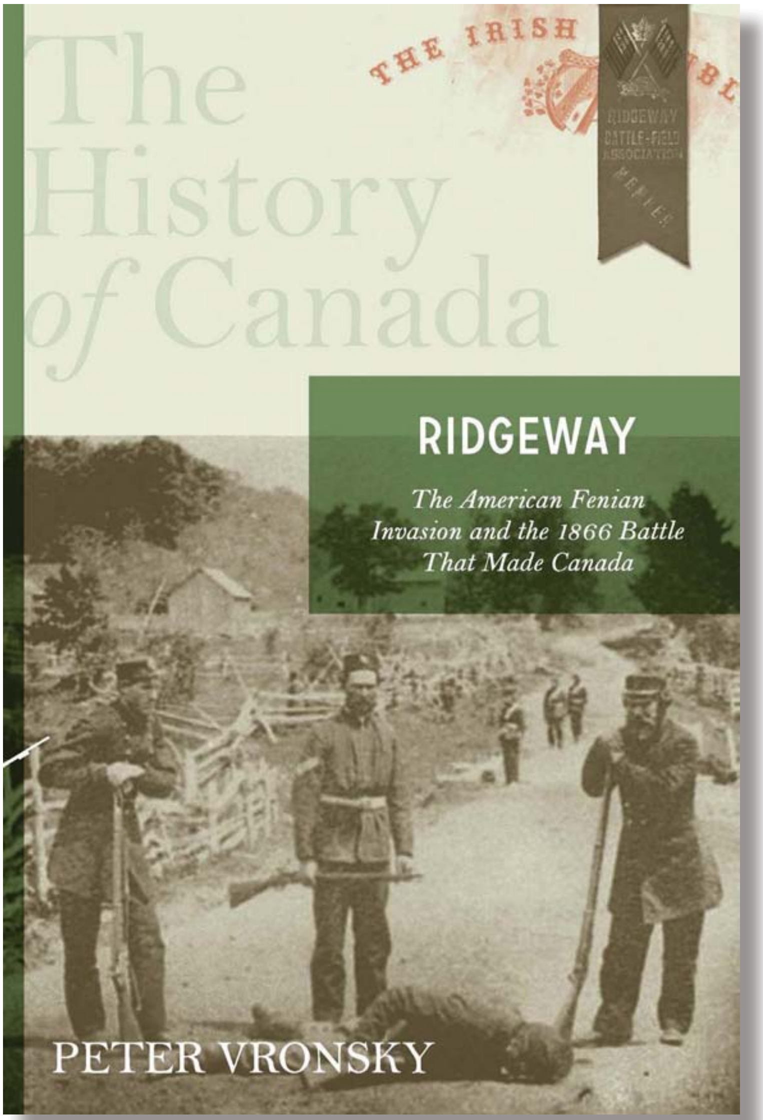
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RIDGEWAY
The American Fenian Invasion and the 1866 Battle That Made Canada
PETER VRONSKY

A Forgotten Battle

In the early hours of June 1, 1866, a thousand Irish-American Fenians crossed the Niagara River into Upper Canada. They first seized Fort Erie as part of a grand plan to take Canada hostage and thereby secure the liberation of Ireland from Great Britain.

As the Fenians moved west, a Canadian militia brigade was dispatched to intercept them June 2 at Lime Ridge, while a very small detachment of Canadians re-occupied Fort Erie. Following a day of heavy fighting, the Fenians withdrew and were taken prisoner by the U.S. Navy.

In Ridgeway: The American Fenian Invasion and the 1866 Battle That Made Canada, *Peter Vronsky credits the response to the now mostly forgotten invasion with securing additional support for Confederation and helping to shape Canada's "sense of self" after the country's birth in 1867.*

While most of the Fenians were veterans of the bloody U.S. Civil War, many of the Canadians who resisted their advance had seen no action and had received little training.

The Military Response

by Peter Vronsky

The reports from Buffalo had finally spurred the Canadian government to mobilize the militia on the afternoon of May 31, about twelve hours before the Fenians crossed the river. British army Colonel Patrick L. MacDougall, the Adjutant General of Militia and overall commander of the Canadian Militia, ordered a battalion of four hundred men to be assembled in Toronto and dispatched to the Fort Erie region.

At 6 p.m. on May 31, Major Charles T. Gillmor, commanding officer of the Queen's Own Rifles (QOR) in Toronto, received orders to assemble four hundred men by 5 a.m. at the Simcoe Street drill shed and to proceed to the docks where, at 6:30 a.m., they were to board the steamer ferry *City of Toronto* for a three-hour trip across Lake Ontario to Port Dalhousie near the mouth of the Welland Canal. From there they were to continue to Port Colborne on Lake Erie by the railway paralleling the canal.

Church and fire bells in Toronto began ringing that evening, alerting volunteers to report. The battalion adjutant, Captain William Otter, found a large number of QOR men at a banquet, which made the task of assembling them easier. The soldiers were presented with lists of names and sent out to find the other members of their unit.

Fred McCallum, a fifteen-year-old volunteer in QOR Company 5, was at a soldiers' bazaar that evening in the former Governor's residence at King and Simcoe streets. He was admiring a hanging quilt in a military pattern made from patches of different-coloured uniforms when, at about 9 p.m., a sergeant tapped him on the shoulder and informed him the battalion had been called out. He was handed a list of names and ordered to find them.

Afterward McCallum went home to get a few hours' sleep. Fearing that his parents would not allow him to go, he snuck into the house without waking them. Early in the morning he dressed in his uniform and slipped out quietly without having breakfast lest he awaken them. He would later regret not having brought anything to eat from home.

Ensign Malcolm McEachren, also from Company 5, anxiously reported to duty at the drill shed early in the evening. McEachren, at thirty-five, was older than the average militia volunteer. Born in Islay, Scotland, and raised in Lower Canada, he came from a humble background and had originally wanted to be a minister. Born a Presbyterian, he had only recently joined the Wesleyan Methodists and was a Sunday school teacher.

McEachren was married to Margaret Caroline, aged thirty-one, and the couple had five children: two boys, eight and twelve, and three daughters, two, four, and six years old. He was a store manager in Toronto with an annual salary of nine hundred dollars, plus free rent for the family in an apartment above the premises. McEachren was sufficiently organized to have purchased life insurance but not sufficiently wealthy to acquire more than a $250 policy — in today's dollars about $6,675.

Lance Corporal William Hodgson Ellis, a twenty-one-year-old chemistry student born in Bakewell, Derbyshire, England, belonged to QOR Company 9, which consisted almost exclusively of Toronto's University College students. The "University Rifles" had been formed in a frenzy of patriotism in 1861 by the college's professor of chemistry, Henry Croft. Ellis was studying for an exam scheduled for the following day when, at 11 p.m., a non-commissioned officer from his company knocked at his dormitory door with orders to report for duty at the drill shed.

William Fairbanks Tempest, a twenty-year-old volunteer with the University Rifles, was likewise ordered to report that night. Tempest was a Presbyterian from Oshawa and now a promising medical student in his final year of studies. He was the elder son in a family of three sisters and two brothers. His father, Dr. William Tempest Sr., a physician in Oshawa, had made plans with his son to form a medical partnership and had recently moved his practice to Toronto so the two would be closer.

Several years earlier, when Tempest was seventeen, he had volunteered with the Oshawa Infantry Company commanded by his uncle, Captain L.B. Fairbanks. He immediately took to soldiering. During his summer breaks, William attended one of the militia schools organized to give additional training to the volunteers and graduated with a Military Certificate Second Grade. This qualified him for an officer's commission as an ensign (second lieutenant), but Tempest preferred to drill and serve as a private in the ranks.

After Tempest moved to Toronto in 1865 to complete his medical studies, he transferred to the University Rifles, commanded by Captain Croft, his chemistry professor from University College. William was close to Professor Croft and had worked for him the previous year as a teaching assistant. In the rifle company, Tempest was permanently assigned the right-hand front rank position ("right marker"), entrusted to act as an anchor around which the company formation moved during drill and field manoeuvres.

During the Fenian alarm in March, Tempest had been called out to frontier duty but managed to keep his high 90-per-cent grades with only one night's studying prior to writing the exams. His mother had become worried about how much time he was dedicating to militia service, while William himself was growing concerned about the threat he might face and his unit's military preparedness.

His father later recalled that in the weeks before Ridgeway, "he had a presentiment that the Fenian movement was more serious than people thought at that time and had expressed his belief to a sister that he had not long to live."

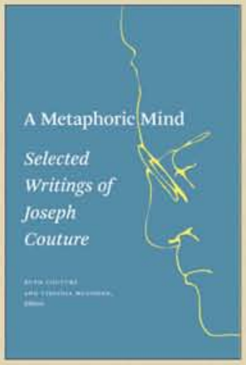
Anxious to see action and unable to sleep, many of the volunteers arrived at the drill shed early. Colonel Durie told them to return to their dormitory: So many students had completed their examinations and gone home, away from Toronto, that the university company was too scattered and under-strength to be mustered that night.

The boys returned to their residence, bitterly disappointed. But then at 5:50 a.m., Tempest was awakened by a friend hammering on his door. Church bells were still ringing throughout the city. The battalion was short of the required four hundred volunteers and would now be taking on men from any company. Tempest quickly donned his uniform and dashed down to the docks at the foot of Yonge Street, pushing his way through the chaos of families, friends, and spectators seeing off the soldiers to the ferry as a brass band played "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The Boys Are Marching."

From *Ridgeway: The American Fenian Invasion and the 1866 Battle That Made Canada* by Peter Vronsky. Copyright Peter Vronsky, 2011. Reprinted with permission of Allen Lane Canada.

WAYS OF KNOWING

A METAPHORIC MIND
SELECTED WRITINGS
OF JOSEPH COUTURE
Edited by Ruth Couture
and Virginia McGowan



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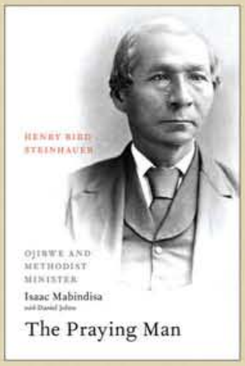
January 2012, ISBN 978-1-926836-52-2

Dr. Joseph Couture (1930-2007) stood at the centre of some of the greatest political, social, and intellectual struggles of Aboriginal peoples in contemporary Canada.

THE PRAYING MAN
HENRY BIRD STEINHAUER, OJIBWE
AND METHODIST MINISTER
Isaac Mabindisa, with Daniel Johns



$24.95, 6 x 9, 420 pp, paperback
December 2011, ISBN 978-1-926836-06-5

In 1828, at the age of nine, Henry Bird Steinhauer was baptized into the Christian faith, later to be ordained and posted to Alberta. Troubled by the presence of white settlers, Steinhauer's life explores the tensions inherent in the life of someone who owes allegiance to two cultures, one of which seeks to dominate the other.

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Almost famous

Family lore about famous kin should be taken with a large dose of salt. by Paul Jones

Such swish circles I move in! My wife is descended from the Earls of Shrewsbury, though this is small beer compared to my friend Diana, whose pedigree includes Queen Euphemia of Scotland. Myself, I'm a relative plebe with no ancestor more illustrious than the composer Handel.

At least, so we were all told decades ago by assorted elders. Odds are that you heard similar tales of celebrated ancestors and descent from nobility or even royalty.

Received genealogical wisdom holds that family stories about ancestry are usually not factual as told. A "kernel of truth" is the much-repeated mantra, suggesting that exaggeration, or simply slow motion "broken telephone" across the generations, is more the problem than outright fabrication.

Take Handel. My triple-great-grandfather was christened with the middle name Handel, a practice fashionable at the time in musically inclined Welsh families. (Haydn was even more popular.) And since Handel (and oddly enough, Haydn, too) died childless, we can confidently conclude that stories of descent from the great man are untrue, very likely the outcome of confusion laced with a dash of wishful thinking.

You can easily see how it could happen. As a child, maybe my great-grandmother overheard her older sister and cousins speculating on why their grandfather had such an odd middle name. "Perhaps Handel was his ancestor," one of them may have blurted out, half joking. Decades later, when speaking with her own grandchildren, perhaps all that remained of this memory was the unfounded but pleasing conjecture. We'll never know for sure.

Something similar probably underlies the story my friend Michael tells of his putative descent from Dr. Charles Duncombe, a renowned leader of the 1837 Rebellion in southwestern Ontario. Michael, being a capable family historian, checked this out and learned he's actually descended from Charles' less famous brother, Dr. David Duncombe — no doubt the salt of the earth, but not someone whose exploits will thrill the little ones.

Places, too, can be a cause of confusion. One researcher's great-grandfather reportedly hailed from Scotland. Well, no. Actually, it was Scotland Street in Sheffield. My friend Marian was told of a distant relative who had moved to the United States and became an inventor. It turns out the kernel of truth here is that her relative and the real inventor both lived in Paterson, New Jersey.

MICHEL GROLEAU

Jones and Handel: See any resemblance?

Yet there is one class of family story where it's clear that misrepresentation is deliberate: concealing a truth about the family that the teller would rather suppress.

Sometimes the lie can be as simple as a change in date, often to create the illusion of at least nine months between a marriage and a birth. Other everyday facts may fall afoul of family censors. For example, my friend Jack had always been told that his great-great-grandfather had been a schoolteacher. And indeed the ancestor did spend a few months in the classroom. For many decades, however, he had been a well-known innkeeper, an inconvenient truth that did not sit well with descendants active in the temperance movement. They sanitized his occupation for posterity — until Jack's research established the facts.

Even relatively minor, seemingly anecdotal information can be a smokescreen. My friend Linda remembers being told that her grandmother had once taken her daughters on a summer holiday in the 1930s to visit her parents in Scotland. So when Linda recently studied the movements of her grandmother in ship passenger lists, she was surprised to learn that the absence extended from August to the following February, not exactly "summer" by anyone's definition. Faced with this evidence, Linda's elderly mother reluctantly admitted that grandma had had marital troubles that were no one else's business.

In the last generation or so, we've seen an interesting shift in attitudes toward ancestors and events that would have been regarded as embarrassing in an earlier era. As an example, Australians had been suppressing information about their convict forebears for the best part of two centuries. Today, they take pride in being related to "Australian Royalty"; they're now typically chagrined if they learn that they're descended from perfectly respectable colonial administrators. Where's the romance in that?

So you're hearing it here first: Expect a boom in unreliable "disreputable ancestor" stories. I've long since disproved the family gossip that my grandmother Palmer was descended from the famous Victorian poisoner of that name. Yet that doesn't stop my wife from repeating the tale. She rather likes the frisson of being married to the descendant of a wife-nobbler. Who knows — a century of increasingly inaccurate retellings hence, I myself may have become the villain.

Paul Jones, a former publisher, is a writer, a consultant, and an avid genealogical researcher and volunteer.

A field of canola near Dauphin, Manitoba.

DEBORAH MORRISON

Ukrainian odyssey

Deborah Morrison explores the Parkland region in northwestern Manitoba.

The perfect afternoon road trip begins in Dauphin, Manitoba, located at the foot of Riding Mountain National Park, roughly four hours northwest of Winnipeg. After the railway was built in the late 1890s, the region was one of the hot spots for Ukrainian immigrants seeking to settle on the Prairies. With breathtakingly beautiful blue skies and open fields, the scenery evokes feelings of endless possibility.

The oldest Ukrainian community was founded under the leadership of Wasyl Ksionzyk. In 1896, he brought a group of fifteen families — mainly from the villages of Zavalia and Berezova in the Terebovlia county of Ukraine — to settle Trembowla (Terebovlia) colony near the Drifting River.

Within a year, more than two thousand settlers would come to live there or to establish additional settlements nearby. It was a hard life, but nothing compared to the travails many were escaping in their home country. The church played an important role in fuelling the faith and perseverance of these early settlers.

Our first stop was the Cross of Freedom Historic Site where the first Ukrainian Catholic mass in North America was held on April 27, 1897.

Located near a bend of the Drifting River, Cross of Freedom is a living heritage site where you can walk around and look inside a cluster of relocated heritage buildings, including a thatched-roof cottage, a school, and St. Michael's, the oldest Ukrainian Catholic church in Canada.

We were greeted by some locals who were busy preparing for their annual civic holiday liturgy and pioneer celebration dinner, part of Canada's National Ukrainian Festival.

The ladies had just made 103 dozen perogies (potato dumplings) and roughly fifty dozen holubtsi (cabbage rolls) for just under a thousand guests.

From there we headed northeast to the community of Sifton, aptly named after Minister of the Interior Clifford Sifton, who was one of the strongest proponents of settling the West with Eastern European immigrants.

Our destination was easy to identify by its beckoning silver domes. The Holy Resurection Russian Orthodox Church of North America was built in 1926.

Sadly, a few months after our visit, the church was destroyed in a fire — a loss for both the community and those who care about Canada's built heritage.

Proud and dedicated volunteers greeted us at every venue, making these visits inviting and personal. Due south from Dauphin, Selo Ukraina is perhaps the grandest testament to the early settlers' vision and commitment to their heritage.

There, an outdoor ten-thousand-seat amphitheatre, auditorium, and multi-purpose facility provide a unique venue for key Manitoba festivals and for entertainment such as Dauphin's Countryfest (July 1 weekend). But it is first and foremost the home of Canada's National Ukrainian Festival (August long weekend), which attracts world-class performers and more than five thousand visitors each year.

We arrived two weeks earlier, so our tour of the heritage site was much quieter than it would be during the festival. Established in 1985, Selo Ukrainia has invested revenues from fundraising and from festival activities into relocated heritage buildings that include a church, a 1920s schoolhouse, a shoemaking shop, two homesteads, and a music hall.

Women wearing traditional dress celebrate their Ukrainian heritage at the annual Dauphin Festival.

TOURISM DAUPHIN

The buildings are active throughout the festival, offering interpretive events and workshops on bread-making and egg-decorating, as well as a contemporary Ukrainian marketplace. The site also includes a memorial park and the Filip Konowal Victoria Cross monument, which honours a Ukrainian Canadian who received Canada's highest honour for valour in combat.

After our many travels, we were more than ready to sample Ukrainian cuisine first-hand, so we returned to Dauphin for a traditional Ukrainian supper in the basement of the recently constructed Ukrainian Catholic church.

Volunteers from the church, dressed in authentic Ukrainian attire, welcomed us. One of them explained that many women still embroider their own blouses, which is why no two shirts are exactly the same.

Two volunteers serenaded us with traditional Ukrainian music, while we feasted on borscht, perogies, holubtsi, kasha (buckwheat salad), and kolbasa (garlic sausage).

The meal was fantastic, but the real dessert for us was a walk across to the Historic Ukrainian Catholic Church of the Resurrection, which until 1990 had been the primary church for the local Ukrainian Catholic community.

Built at the height of the Depression, the church is typical of the prairie cathedral design attributed to Philip Ruh, a priest and church architect known for the size and decorative appeal of his churches.

But it's the inside of the church that takes one's breath away. It took artist Theodore Baran two and a half years to complete the religious painting of the church interior in 1957. Baran did the work as a volunteer because he believed a church of this stature should not have any spaces unadorned.

He was given full reign in the designs and subject matter of his paintings, which reflect Ukrainian religious iconography and pay homage to northern and Aboriginal influences.

The region contains many other interesting side roads. as well as unique points of interest in communities such as Rossburn and Sandy Lake. Parkland Tourism produces guides that describe self-directed tours of the Ukrainian heritage of the region. It also provides suggestions for tour packages for visitors who prefer to leave the driving to someone else.

Deborah Morrison is the CEO, President and Publisher of Canada's History Society.

Canadian Historical Association
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The Canadian Historical Association is an internationally recognized, bilingual association that was founded in 1922, it is the largest association of its kind in Canada. Each year, the CHA organizes a three-day conference that is held in conjunction with the Congress of the Humanities and Social Sciences. The Annual Meeting provides researchers in all fields an opportunity to showcase their research and discuss issues relating to the discipline.

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Superhighways to heaven

From a car's perspective, Jane Jacobs' historic attack on roadways is something to get revved up about.

Plans to rebuild the crumbling Turcot Interchange in Montreal were modified after complaints it would increase traffic and worsen pollution.

I blame Jane Jacobs. Fifty years ago, in 1961, she published *That Awful Book*. We've been locked in a life-and-death struggle ever since. Cities are for people, Jacobs wrote. Not automobiles. Yeah, right. As if people could exist without cars.

Anyway, in case you were out driving, by *That Awful Book* I mean *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*. Countless capital-P People have hailed it as the most influential work in the history of urban planning. They call it revolutionary. They contend that it is good. But viewed from the perspective of the automobile? Well, let's just say that we cars take a different view.

Jane Jacobs (1916–2006) was all about neighbourhoods. Neighbourhoods with old buildings, historic sites, parks, libraries, and corner stores. People places. A desire to preserve and protect. She liked renovation. She wanted city blocks to be short, buildings to vary in use and condition, and population densities to be high.

Oh, and she wanted streets to serve more than one purpose, as if they weren't built expressly for automobiles. Streets are for cars — we can't say that too often. But Jacobs thought otherwise, and that was why, in 1950s New York City, she started rabble-rousing.

A visionary mogul began building a ten-lane superhighway into the heart of Manhattan. Ten lanes for starters. Can you imagine? Absolutely marvellous. But then Jacobs began nit-picking. She claimed that a superhighway would destroy neighborhoods, as if we didn't have enough of those.

This was a thirty-something woman with no university degree. She had grown up in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and moved to New York in 1933 at age seventeen. During the Great Depression, while bouncing from one secretarial job to the next, she developed this notion that neighbourhoods matter.

She also started writing magazine articles. Then, during the Second World War, she married an architect. She gave birth to two sons and a daughter. But instead of moving to the suburbs and commuting to work, like anyone with any sense, Jacobs put down roots in Manhattan's Greenwich Village.

"Suburbs are perfectly valid places to want

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CANADA'S HISTORY FOR KIDS

to live," she said later, "but they are inherently parasitic, economically and socially, too, because they live off the answers found in cities." Is that offensive or what? Both cities and suburbs owe their existence to the car.

I digress. While writing for an architectural magazine and, get this, riding a bicycle to work, Jacobs concluded that urban planners were doing more harm than good and made her case in an article called "Downtown is for People." *That Awful Book* evolved out of said article.

The same can be said of the battle for New York. For six years, Jacobs fought the Manhattan superhighway. Finally, though I can hardly bring myself to write these words, she won. You see why she gets grit in our grilles?

As a specifically Canadian car, I now have to tell you that worse lay ahead. In 1968, during the Vietnam War and with two draft-age sons, Jacobs moved her family to Toronto. "Despite her well-deserved American fame," Canadian sociologist Barry Wellman wrote in 2006, "Jane made an even more sustained, active, and varied contribution to Toronto's urbanity. When she arrived, she plunged into the ongoing fight to stop the building of the Spadina Expressway."

Would you believe she buried that, too? When William Davis, the new Ontario premier, killed the expressway in 1971, he sounded like *That Awful Book*: "If we are building a transportation system to serve the automobile, the Spadina Expressway would be a good place to start. But if we are building a transportation system to serve the people, the Spadina Expressway would be a good place to stop."

If not for Jane Jacobs, Toronto might have become the Los Angeles of the North: Great whizzing highways, myriad off and on ramps, rivers of cars flowing through downtown. We're talking a little bit of heaven.

What's more, using the Spadina Expressway as a template, we could have gone cross-country. Heck, along the Calgary–Edmonton corridor, we could have built Disneyland North. Maybe we can do that yet. Or, no, better still, let's quadruple the highway from Calgary to Banff and put Disneyland North out there in the Rockies — lots of room in Banff National Park.

And think of the West Coast. We could build an elevated superhighway from Vancouver to Victoria and link the Gulf Islands by road while we're at it. We made a start down east with the bridge to Prince Edward Island. That's just a hint of what we can do.

So let's forget Jane Jacobs and *That Awful Book*. Fifty years of neighbourhoods is half a century too much. The future lies before us like a great winding superhighway. All we have to do is step on the gas.

Ken McGoogan's latest book is *How the Scots Invented Canada*. He comments regularly in *Canada's History*.

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Exclusively for those on the tour will be a special presentation by Marine Engineering Geophysicist Steve Blasco of the Bedford Institute, who has actually been to the Titanic site. While in Halifax there will be other heritage experiences such as visits to the Citadel, Pier 21 and more. There will also be a day trip to visit Peggy's Cove and Lunenburg for a planned visit to the Bluenose II rebuild site before returning to Toronto by train. Package includes hotel stays, rail trips, transfers, heritage attractions, presentations, some meals, detailed tour information kit and more.

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Rewarding history

New vice-regal honours will celebrate excellence in Canada’s history community.

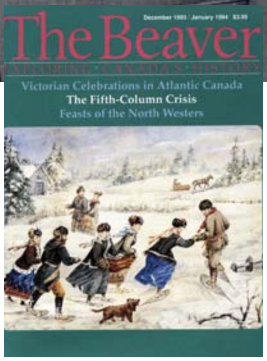
Governor General David Johnston poses with Amy Park, one of the winners of the 2010 Governor General’s Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History.

RIDEAU HALL

On December 12, 2011, Governor General David Johnston is scheduled to preside over the very first presentation of the Governor General’s History Awards, a new set of vice-regal honours that celebrates the best in Canadian achievements in the promotion and preservation of history.

The Governor General’s History Awards will be presented at a special ceremony at Rideau Hall in Ottawa, and will feature five categories: teaching, community programming, museums, scholarly research, and popular media. It will be an historic day for Canada’s History Society as well. The History Society has been the driving force behind the initiative to establish an annual national event that honours excellence in the field of history — encouraging dialogue and fostering new collaboration among individuals and organizations that seek to strengthen the ways our past is presented to and remembered by Canadians.

When Canada’s History Society was first formed in 1993 to take over publication of *The Beaver*, one of its first initiatives was to introduce Canada’s first national honours for excellence in Canadian history. The Pierre Berton Award — so named after its first recipient — was established to recognize those who have made a significant contribution to increasing popular interest in Canadian history.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Pierre Berton, left, was the first recipient of the Pierre Berton Award.

CANADA'S HISTORY

Over the past eighteen years, some of Canada's best-known writers, historians, and film and television producers have been recognized. The list of recipients serves as a who's who in Canadian storytelling. It also tells an interesting story about the evolution of popular media in this country, culminating with this year's recipient.

J'ai La Memoire Qui Tourne (Memories on a Roll) is a popular interactive television production broadcast over the past three years on Historia, Canada's French language history channel. The television show and website draws from home movies and videos submitted by the public. The movies are carefully weaved into engaging and well-researched documentaries that explore a variety of themes and events in Quebec's past.

Canada's History Society also had in mind the creation of a national award for classroom teaching. Concerned that Canadian history education was being persistently downgraded in the curriculum, the Society wanted to find a way to raise awareness of the importance of effective teaching, as well as provide a pan-Canadian network for history teachers to share and exchange exemplary teaching strategies.

In 1995, the award program was launched in schools, and then Governor General Romeo LeBlanc was approached to host the award presentation. A former classroom teacher himself, the Governor General replied that he would not only establish the prize formally as the Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History. Of course, the Society accepted the offer without reservation — and so began a relationship with Rideau Hall that has spanned four governors general: each one embracing and supporting the awards and actively helping us to enhance them.

Students at Devonshire Public School in Ottawa learned about the legacy of residential schools — one of this year's GG teaching award-winning projects.

COURTESY SYLVIA SMITH

This year's Governor General's History Awards ceremonies will honour seventeen extraordinary Canadians, including six young students ages nine to twenty-four — invited to participate because of their own significant achievements in writing about Canada's past.

The program of events will include a reception on Parliament Hill with the Speaker of the House of Commons and Members of Parliament, and a special evening celebration at the Canadian Museum of Civilization. The program is made possible through the generous support of the Department of Canadian Heritage and our presenting partner, TD Bank Group.

Readers and members of Canada's History Society are invited to be a part of it all by participating in the fourth Canada's History national forum — "Speaking of the Past: History Beyond the Classroom." Presented by a new corporate contributor, Enbridge, the public forum, which will take place in Ottawa on December 11, 2011, is free to attend onsite at the National Library and Archives, or via the online broadcast. However guests must register in advance at CanadasHistory.ca/Forum.

The Awards and Recipients

The Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History and the Pierre Berton Award will now form two of the five awards. While Canada's History will continue to have a leadership role in the new awards program, it has benefited from strong partnerships with other nationally focused history organizations. This makes the Governor General's History Awards unique, involving several agencies in their delivery and incorporating some traditional awards with other newly created prizes.

The third Governor General's History Award for Scholarly Achievement, the Sir John A. Macdonald Prize is administered by the Canadian Historical Associa-

Award Recipients

The Governor General's History Award for Excellence in Teaching, presented by Canada's History with the support of TD Bank.

Raymond Bédard
Shantelle Browning-Morgan
Flora Fung
Sarah Beech and Chad Howie
Sylvia Smith
Andrew Stickings

The Governor General's History Award for Excellence in Community Programming, presented by Canada's History Society.

La Societe d'histoire de Saint-Basil-Le-Grand for “La Mémoire des Grandbasilois.

St. Joseph & Area Historical Society for *Narcisse*.

The Governor General's History Award for Excellence in Museums, History Alive!, presented by the Canadian Museums Association.

Montreal Science Centre, for “Branle-bas de combat!”

The Governor General's History Award for Scholarly Achievement, the Sir John A. Macdonald Prize, presented by the Canadian Historical Association, with the support of Manulife Financial.

Michel Ducharme, for *Le concept de liberté au Canada à l'époque des Révolutions atlantiques (1776-1838)*.

The Governor General's History Award for Popular History, the Pierre Berton Award, presented by Canada's History Society.

Guylaine Maroist and Éric Ruel, for *J'ai La Memoire Qui Tourne* (Memories on a Roll).

OUR PAST SHAPES OUR FUTURE
Carleton UNIVERSITY

Governor General Michaëlle Jean speaks at the National History Forum in Ottawa in 2007.

Michel Ducharme, right, is the 2011 winner of the Sir John A. Macdonald Prize.

MARK REID

tion. Established in 1977 with the support of Manulife Financial, which continues as a sponsor today, the Macdonald Prize recognizes the best scholarly book published each year. For the association, the Governor General's History Awards provide a unique opportunity to expose the work of historians to the public at large. The prestige of the awards ensures that Canadian historical research will be read outside of academic circles. Executive director Michel Duquet added, “I think that they will help people realize the impact that the past has on today's society.”

This year's recipient is Michel Ducharme for his book *Le concept de liberté au Canada a l'époque des Révolutions atlantiques (1776–1838)*. Set amid a period of revolution in the United States and in Europe, the book argues that residents of Canada also believed strongly in “freedom,” but a different kind of freedom than, say, their American revolutionary cousins.

The two remaining awards are new and designed to recognize the many diverse ways that history is interpreted, presented and remembered in our communities. The Canadian Museums Association selected the Montreal Science Centre's “Branle-bas de combat !” (Combat Pandemonium!) as the inaugural recipient of History Alive! The Governor General's History Award for Museum Excellence.

This unique guided walking tour and online virtual exhibit explores the role of Montreal's Old Port during World War II through nine recreated personages representing the types of experiences people of that period would likely have had. In the citation from the Canadian Museums Association's selection committee it noted the project “… mixed still and moving images, personal history, sound, and period documents while remaining fluid and contemporary in look, feel, and sound.” You can check out the project at Quaisduvieuxport.com/expo/branle-bas-combat.html.

Finally, two recipients were selected in

Conservative Member of Parliament James Moore, left, with Greg Miyanaga, a 2006 winner of the Governor General's Teaching Award.

CANADA'S HISTORY

the category of community initiatives, one French and one English. "La Memoire de Grandbasilos" (Memories of Saint-Basile-le-Grand) was first conceived by the Historical Society of Saint-Basile-le-Grand as an oral history project to capture the memories of its eldest residents through oral history, photographs, and other archival collections. Over one hundred volunteers helped the project to exceed its collection targets, amassing a photo archive of more than four thousand images and sixty recorded interviews.

With such a wealth of new interpretive resources, and the financial support of Desjardins Group, the historical society has mounted photo exhibitions and additional oral history presentations drawing even more area residents into the project. Of particular note to those of us engaged with fundraising — the program has been a boon to charitable gifts for the society as well.

La Société d'histoire de Saint-Basile-le-Grand is a winner of the 2011 GG award for community history initiatives.

RICHARD PELLETIER

The other community initiative recognized for its innovative approach and extensive community engagement is the St. Joseph & Area Historical Society for an outdoor play entitled "Narcisse." Narcisse Cantin was a speculator and businessman with an ambitious plan to make Saint Joseph, Ontario, an industrial centre.

Clearly a fun and engaging way for area families to explore their local history, what struck the selection committee most was the society's ability to involve great numbers of residents as actors, fundraisers, donors, and contributors.

This is something communities large and small can and should be doing more often.

In response to reader requests for more details about the work of our teaching award recipients, we will, over the coming year, feature in-depth profiles of our honourees both in *Canada's History* magazine, as well as online, at CanadasHistory.ca/Awards.

Deborah Morrison is the Publisher, President and CEO of Canada's History.

Student Awards

The Kayak Illustrated History Challenge, an annual illustrated storywriting contest for students ages 10–14.
Divya Santhanam
Emilya Snow

The Begbie Contest, a rigorous Canadian history exam offered for students in Grades 11–12 by the Begbie Canadian History Society.
Jeffrey Tso
Eden Nzeyimana

Great Canadian Questions, an annual essay writing competition offered by Historica-Dominion Institute for youth between the ages of 17 – 25.
Caroline Beaulieu
Matthew Piva

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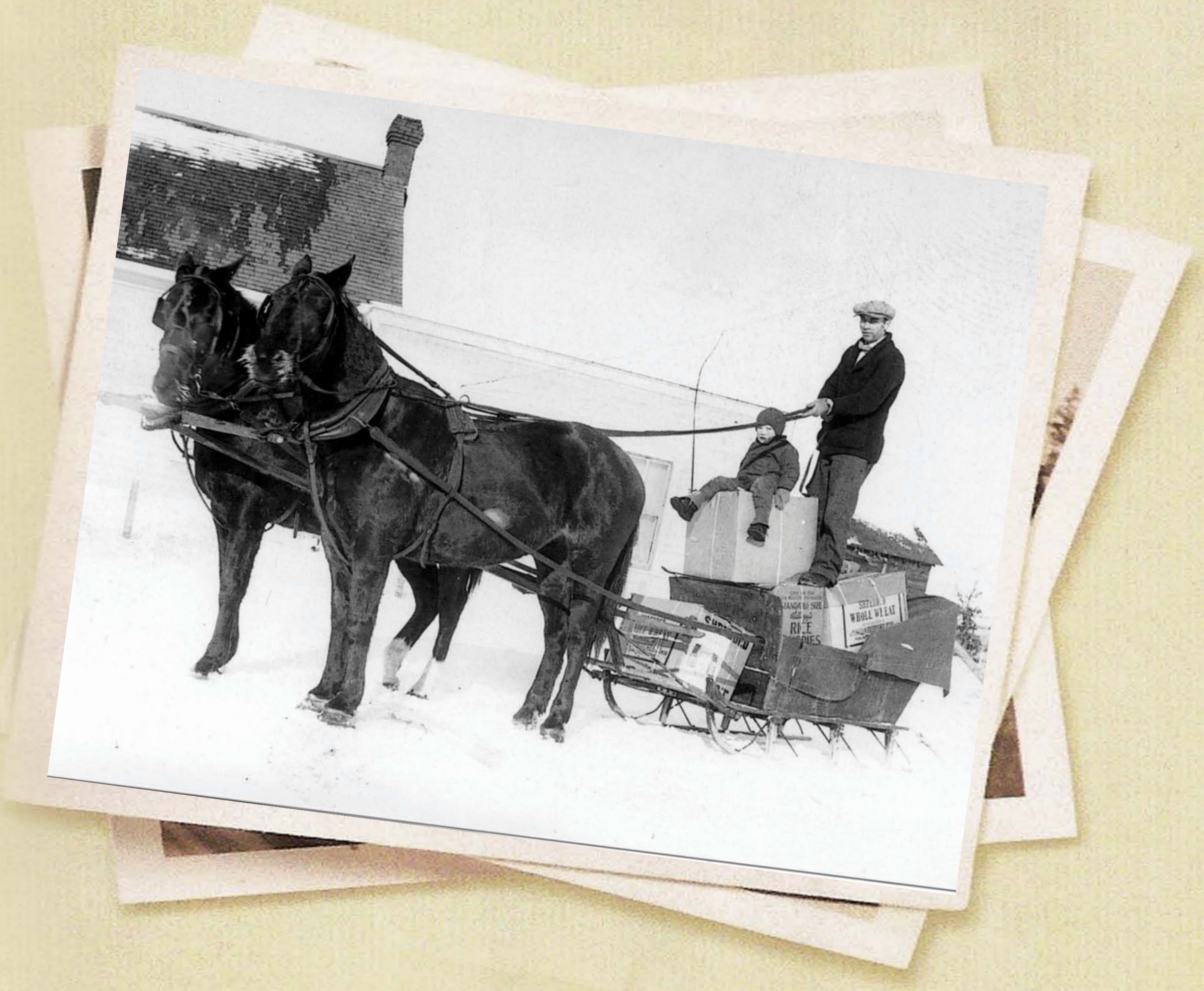
Burke McNeill is the son of Reverend James E. McNeill. He resides in St. Catharines, Ontario. Text by Beverley Tallon.

Heavy load



Reverend James McNeill moved his wife and family to Clairmont, Alberta, in 1930.

The Depression brought drought and hard times. Many people left their homesteads on the Prairies to come to the Peace Country just north of Grand Prairie in search of good land and a kinder climate.

Working through the United Church of Canada, McNeill provided religious guidance plus much-needed clothing, blankets, money, and other necessities to the newcomers. Many of the donations came from eastern Canada.

In the photo, McNeill is shown with his son Burke. They are sitting on boxes of provisions, which they loaded on their cutter in the winter of 1933. McNeill's beloved horses, Prohibition Bay and Lady Clairmont, are ready to pull the load. As there were many people in need, they would return with the cutter empty in the evening.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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